

HIS BEAUTIFUL  
LIFE



GUY H. WILSON



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**His Beautiful Life**

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# His Beautiful Life

By  
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TO MY  
FATHER AND MOTHER

ALL CHRISTIANS, ALL BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE  
SEARCHING FOR THE "BEAUTIFUL REDEEMED  
LIFE THROUGH JESUS CHRIST," IS THIS  
LITTLE BOOK DEDICATED BY  
THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

DEAR READER:

This little volume owes its origin to a two-fold purpose—the wish of the writer to add to our literature a work at once instructive and attractive, and a higher purpose than this, namely: to place before the reader the great beauty and happiness of a Christian life and to point the way to perfect peace and redemption through the scarlet blood of a crucified Savior.

The reader of this volume will readily discover the underlying current of conviction that controls the daily life of the principal character of this book, and the life-long, living principle that, like a guiding star, beckoned him on to a higher and nobler life from the time he became a Christian.

He is a real character, and this book will be in the unique form of a history of his life to the present time and a prophecy as to what his future life will be.

He is one of a choice group which can always be found in this world's daily life. They seem to be farther ahead and on a higher plane than the multiplied multitude that have never felt the hidden life that is Christ-like.

Of course, his real name, as also the real name of places, are withheld and fictitious names inserted.

If this little volume can help some boy or girl, and possibly a mother or father, to a realization of the infinite beauty of a Christian life; to discern that the high arts are, after all, not the real beautiful soul, but an adornment, then the author will feel that his labor has not been in vain.

GUY H. WILSON.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

God, in His infinite wisdom, when He created man, placed within his heart a sense of beauty; an intense longing for things beautiful.

There is something in the splashing brook or rushing sweep of majestic rivers that has appealed to man's love of the beautiful ever since the world was created.

On beholding the Rhine, with its many historic castles and fruitful vineyards; the Rhone, as it sweeps across the beautiful fields of France from its mountain home; the blue Danube, in all its wild splendor; the grand Mississippi, as it sweeps across a continent, carrying death and destruction, as well as beauty, in its journey to the sea—all these kindle the imagination and sense of beauty of artist and poet alike.



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John, the inspired writer, was thrilled by the sight of a beautiful river; but it was not such a river as I have written of, not an earthly river; but it was the river of the water of life, flowing from the throne of God through the Astral City.

An angel had appeared to him and conducted him to the pinnacle of a high mountain and in a vision showed him the New Jerusalem in all its beauty; around the city was a wall with strong towers, and pierced with twelve pearly gates, at each of which an angel stood guard.

This city was built of pure gold; the walls were of precious stones and the gates were of pearl.

Over this beautiful city the mantle of night had never spread, but the light from God bathed its holy streets forever, and this river of the water of life proceeded straight from God's throne and was lined on each side



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by beautiful trees, whose foliage cast their cooling shadow upon the banks of the stream.

This was the city of heavenly delight, the home for which every godly heart is longing, the empire of peace and love.

We should thank God that through the inspired writer He has given us this glimpse of this eternal city in all its golden glory and majesty; and that He has placed within the borders of heaven the pure river of water of life, from which we may all drink and live forever.

You have doubtless read how that valiant old Spaniard, DeLeon, searched through the tangled wilderness and treacherous everglades of Florida in his vain search for the mysterious fountain whose waters would, he thought, restore lost youth and beauty, and died at last a defeated and disappointed old man, because, instead of looking to God

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and trusting in the healing properties of the heavenly fountain, he looked on earth for this healing balm.

But when our labor on this earth is ended and we walk upon the golden strand of the heavenly river that proceeds out of the throne of God, our staff shall be laid aside, our wrinkled face shall be made smooth and fair, our failing eyes shall sparkle with renewed brightness, and God will clothe our old age with all the beautiful attributes of immortal youth.

Sometimes, while we wander aimlessly on this earth, we encounter drouths, and we become weary and thirsty, and in our heart there is a longing for something earth cannot supply; but when the battle is won and we pitch our silken tents on the banks of this beautiful river we shall never feel weary or be thirsty, for our Savior will welcome us there and

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will lead us to the fountain of living water which will quench our thirst forever.

Some of us have thirsted for education, but even after we have all the knowledge it is possible for man to acquire, still these fountains of knowledge fail to quench our longings and our desires.

Some of us have thirsted for fame and honor, but the praise of this earth runs shallow, and from its uncertain flow we turn away disappointed.

Some of us have thirsted for wealth, but the silvery music furnished by the glittering coins will not quench our thirst, and to-morrow the glittering heap that now lies before us may be carried away by the outgoing tide and we will be left stranded on the barren desert.

But here is a river that never runs dry, a river that will quench our thirst and stop our longings.



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When the streams of life have vanished, and the thundering mountain stream no longer plunges through its rocky channel, and from our death-bed we catch a last fleeting glimpse of the perishing things of earth, then we will realize how wonderfully sweet is this water of life.

The boy whose life we shall record in this book, early learned the sweetness and life-giving properties of this river and from earth's foul and turbulent stream he turned away to drink from this clear, pure stream, which, thank God, can never be polluted by earth's sin and vice.



## CHAPTER II.

DONALD MORRIS.

A long line of hills, crested with tall pines, stand out, bold and irregular, against the blue sky.

Here a tiny stream meanders along, now swerving around the foot of a hill, now leaping a miniature waterfall, and at last crosses a small plain to enter into a larger stream, which, in turn, unites with a still larger stream, whose waters are, at last, swept out into the grand Mississippi.

Back from this line of hills, out across a level plain, rises a single elevation, standing solemn and dignified by itself.

Tall and majestic pines lift their tops heavenward, and whose wind-stirred branches seem to ever reach out their hands to some invisible God.

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Crowning this elevation was a home; not a mansion by any means, but just a modest little country home.

But to the person whose heart warms to the call of nature, who opens his eyes to the beauties God intended him to see, there is something about this quiet home nestling among the pines and backgrounded by this long line of hills, that will cause him to stop, sweep the scene with admiring eyes and admit that there is rare beauty in the picture.

From the vine-covered porch to the curiously constructed old building and the spring at the foot of the hill, with its quaint curb, there was something about the old place that held a charm for every one who visited the place.

In this beautiful Mississippi home lived Robert Morris and his young wife.

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Robert Morris was one of the foremost young men in the county.

He came of a family that could trace its ancestry back into the old English and colonial days and could boast that his great-grandfather was one of the distinguished factors of the Revolution and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Lillie Davis was one of the most beautiful young ladies in the country; the oldest daughter of a distinguished physician, she was loved and honored by all who knew her.

When Robert Morris wooed and won her, every one admitted that it was a most excellent and happy match.

Shortly after the marriage the happy couple moved to the country home given Robert by his father.

This was the place we have described and was the birthplace and boyhood home of Robert Morris and, as a consequence, the broad and fer-



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tile acres, the valleys and forest-covered hills were prized very highly by its young owner.

Robert Morris and Lillie were married the first of January, and as Robert was by choice a farmer, early in the spring he began to prepare his land to make his first crop.

After the day's work was done they would sit by the fire talking of their happiness and planning out their future lives.

One evening as they sat about the fire Lillie said: "Robert, have you been perfectly happy since we married; have you found me to be all you expected?"

"Yes, dear," he said; "I have found you to be all I expected, and more, and as for being happy, you know I have been. There is only one thing that I could ask for that would add to our happiness, and that is to be blest with sweet children."



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“Ah, Robert, that was exactly what I was thinking of! If God will only trust us with children I think our happiness will be complete.”

Robert Morris and his wife belonged to that class of people who believe in a God, who believe that some Supreme Being rules over all.

Both were church members and belonged to the Methodist Church, but they were not devoted Christians; that is, they did not follow the Christ life in their daily life as it should be followed.

Upon the child that God was to give them was to fall the power to lead them to the man of Galilee and to live the Christ-life, the life that is above reproach.

Spring, with its beautiful flowers and singing birds, soon glided into golden summer—summer, beautiful summer, such as can be found in the ccuntry, away from the mad rush of

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the city, with its noise and din; out in the country, where we can catch the cooling breeze and watch the sun in all its golden glory as it climbs across the sky and finally sinks to rest in a flaming bed of purple and gold.

Here we can get closer to God and nearer to the heart of nature in all its beauty, and can understand better the mysterious power of God in all its beauty.

Robert Morris did his work well, and at the end of summer he saw his labor rewarded by a bounteous supply of golden grain.

Summer passed away and autumn, with its golden-tinted forests, appeared only to be cast aside, after a short time, by winter, with its snow and ice. And now, during the first winter month, the month in which our Savior was born, when the ground was covered by a white mantle of snow, the news was spread

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over the community that Lillie Morris had given birth to a tiny son.

We must now skip over a space of ten years.

During this period of time the baby boy had been named Donald.

He was now a sturdy lad, very much like his father in many ways, with dark eyes and hair as black as a raven's wing.

His parents were very careful in his training and, as a consequence, he was a very gentlemanly and courteous boy, always considerate of other people's feelings and wishes.

He had, however, a very hot temper which would occasionally get from under his control.

When his anger would arise a few well chosen words of advice from his mother, together with her sweet smile was all that was needed to clear away his anger and make him his own bright, happy self again.



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He was very happy in his beautiful home but the time has now come when he must leave it.

Wonderful stories have come from Louisiana; stories of the wonderful chances and advantages there and of how men were getting rich raising rice.

Mr. Morris decided to sell his beautiful home and try his fortune in the rice fields of Southern Louisiana.

Accordingly his place was advertised, sold and family was ready to start.

It was a very sad occasion for all when the time to start came and with sad hearts they boarded the train for their new home.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE AWAKENING.

Donald never had been on a train but once before and he found many things to keep him interested.

He had never seen a large city and when they got to New Orleans he was astonished.

It was a few days before Christmas and the city was ablaze with decorations and beautiful lights.

As they were whirled through the streets of the city towards the river where they were to cross on a boat, Donald kept his eyes on the beautiful scene around him and it made a picture on his mind that could never be erased.

Reaching the boat, they got upon it at once and standing by the railing saw the boat moving out from shore.

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It was at night and the waters looked strangely dull and leaden under the light of the pale moon.

Standing by the rail and looking through the mist and darkness toward the lights of Gretna, Donald wondered at the power needed to gather these heaving waters together and thought of the awfulness of these sluggish waters being the grave of many a poor mortal.

A train was waiting for the boat to land its passengers and as soon as these were on board it steamed away westward on its journey toward the distant plains.

Throwing its headlight far in advance like a meteor upon the shining rails, it writhed and groaned like a huge serpent as it flashed along.

In the faint shadows of early morning, while the eastern sky was still streaked with yellow and gold the horizon of a plain appeared in view and an hour later the train

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drew up to the station where the Morrisses were to get off.

The sun casting his early beams upon the earth, seemed to smile in gladness and Donald, looking out across the broad plain to where it ended in a blue haze, thought he had never seen anything so glorious before and indeed it was a most beautiful scene.

They started out immediately to the farm which Robert had arranged for through an agent.

By the end of a week they were comfortably installed in their new home, and, as Donald said, were getting things "shipshape" and business began to take on its daily routine.

Robert purchased a full team of horses, including a very pretty pony for Donald, which he was very fond of.

There was no work about making a rice crop which a boy of Donald's



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size could do so he was free to do pretty much what he pleased.

He helped his mother a great deal about the house, taking much work off her shoulders.

Sometimes he would mount his pony and gallop across the yellow prairie to give chase to a drove of wild French ponies, or on a round-up of his father's horses and once a week he would make a trip to the nearest town to get their mail.

He would stroll by the side of some stream or loiter in the cooling shade of a giant haystack and give himself up to thought and the thought of the beautiful home he had left never failed to come into his mind, but he was happy here, supremely happy, and for three long years he dreamed the time away.

And now came the time when his dreams were again to be shattered.

Mr. Morris thought he could foresee a panic in the rice industry. Pros-



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perous times brought on much speculation and buying and he thought he could tell that the price of rice was to be considerably lowered.

He had made money in those three years and he decided to leave the country before the panic came and then it was that Robert Morris again determined to turn his face westward and search out a new home in the fertile lands of Texas.

We must, begging the reader's pardon, again draw forward the curtain of time and blot out five years time, because in this period nothing occurred in this boy's life that would interest the reader and we wish to get down to his real history as quickly as possible.

During this time the Morris family have firmly established themselves in their Texas home.

Donald had studied hard and prepared himself to teach school and now at the age of eighteen he had

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taught one school with a success that would have been a credit to a much older teacher, yet there was lacking in his teaching something that is always lacking in the teaching of the man who does not trust in God and call upon Him for His divine guidance in his school and every day life.

Donald had been taught to pray ever since he was a small child and never failed to kneel at night and offer up his little prayer, but it was merely a form with him and not true devotion, for he had never given the matter hardly a thought and did not, of course, appreciate the existence of a God.

There was a church near his home and he attended services and Sunday school regularly.

About this time he began to think on this question a great deal and became a student of the Bible, for he began to realize that there must be

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something in this wonderful salvation which the Son of God had promised and which men were preaching everywhere.

He was beginning to see and to believe that there must be some foundation for this belief in a future life and the glory of sharing it with an all-wise God.

What then, was this foundation; where did men get the basis for their belief?

Undoubtedly it must be from God's holy word, the Bible; and if it was, it was right to follow His teachings; if not right, why did so many men make the mistake of thinking it was right and blindly worship an imaginary God?

These questions became an all-absorbing issue with him and he determined that he would settle them satisfactorily with himself if it was in the power of God's Word to give



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him the information necessary to their settlement.

Accordingly he read all the books he could get dealing with the subject, including several books on denominational matters and also studied the Scriptures constantly.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE NEW LIFE.

It is summer again and a big meeting is going on at the church near Donald's home.

A big arbor has been built to accommodate the large crowds which come to hear the Word of God preached.

The pastor, Brother Parker, was assisted by a preacher from a neighboring county, Brother Ratcliffe, and under their powerful influence and preaching, numbers were daily giving up the life of sin and casting their lot with Christ.

Donald had been deeply interested from the very first. He never missed a service; always sat at the front where he could catch every word that was spoken and it was plain that each sermon was sinking deep within his heart.

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One day after being more deeply impressed than usual with the sermon he went home in a deep study, thinking of what he should do.

When he got home he picked up his Bible which his mother had given him for a Christmas present, and started for the woods.

He felt that he wanted to be alone in the forest where he could read and think undisturbed in its solitude. He wanted to think today as he had never thought before.

He flung himself down under a giant oak and prepared to read. The leaves parted mechanically at the eighth chapter of Romans.

These words caught his eyes: "There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after spirit.

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.



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“For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.

“That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.”

The words seemed to have a hidden meaning and he read them over repeatedly, trying to think out their full meaning.

Suddenly, after thinking awhile, he seemed to understand what it all meant and he said to himself, “Ah, it is plain to me now.”

“God was under no obligation to send his Son to light the pathway of sinners on this cruel and sinful world.

“This way of salvation was simply ordained at the hands of the great Mediator and had to be carried out for if there had been any other way

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in which to save man, I believe that God, of such infinite wisdom, would have employed other means instead of sacrificing His only Son to the passions of an unsaved people, and since Christ took upon his shoulders the burden of trying to save those who were wandering in the darkness of sin, he also had to take the punishment which the sin of those he was seeking to save deserved.

“They had sinned against God; Christ came to save them; He took the sinners’ place and bore the punishment that should have been meted out to them.

“He bore this suffering and the disgrace which was heaped upon him for me as much as he did for those people who lived when He was on this earth; He loves me the same as he did those people, and I have rewarded His love by a selfish, sinful life.

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“May God have mercy and forgive me of my sins.”

He read farther down the page and these words caught his eye: “For to be carnally minded is death: but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.”

He understood this clearly. If he was carnally minded, if he sought after the carnal things of earth, it meant an eternal death; but, if he cast off carnal things and followed in the spiritual way, it meant everlasting life and joy with God.

After reading all of the eighth chapter of Romans, he chanced to turn to the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians.

Ah! Here was another very essential element—charity; but he did not have this charity; did not possess this element at all.

He set himself to the task of a rigid self-examination, and at the end of it he had to acknowledge that



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he had loved neither God nor man, and that every thing he had ever done or accomplished had been due to his own selfish ambition without any thought or consideration of others.

He seemed to see the enormity of his sins rise before him like a spectre, and he was unnerved and agitated.

He knew there could be no rest for him now until he had received this wonderful salvation, the thought of which was making his soul turbulent within him.

He would seek God with all his might and if his many sins could be forgiven him, he would devote the remainder of his life to the service of his God.

With his mind in this condition, with this intense desire burning within him, yet without praying, Donald slowly retraced his steps to the house.

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It may seem strange to the reader why, when this boy came to a realization of what he should do, that God did not reveal himself and spread the light of his salvation upon him then and there, but He undoubtedly had a purpose in waiting and ordained it otherwise.

On this very day God would reveal Himself to this boy who was sick of sin and who was seeking peace for his troubled soul.

That night the pastor took as his text the thirty-sixth verse of the eighth chapter of St. Mark: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

The pastor was a man of educational attainment and he preached an eloquent sermon, bringing out every point of the text and it seemed to Donald that this text and sermon was especially for him.

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He sat with bowed head during the first of the sermon, but presently he raised his head, and those who were watching him, supposing that a struggle between right and wrong was going on within his soul, saw a radiant smile upon his face and a new light shining from his eyes, and did not doubt but what that as he sat with bowed head he had prayed for salvation that night and that he was now one of the blood-washed throng, his prayer being answered.

At the close of the sermon, the pastor opened the door of the church to any one who might wish to unite with the church.

Donald at once arose and, with the eyes of the congregation upon him, walked forward and presented himself for membership.

He faced the congregation and with a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Dear friends, tonight is the happiest moment of my life; I feel



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tonight that I have been with the blessed Master and that He has bid me come to Him. I am tired of sin and its way and want to give my heart and my work to God. I have had many doubts as to my duty, but now I know that my duty is to my God.

“I wish to unite with the Methodist church, for I believe I can serve God better by uniting with your church, and I will be following the dictates of my conscience.

“Dear friends, if you are willing, I want to cast my lot with you and in my humble way begin working for by blessed Redeemer.”

When he finished speaking and sat down there was hardly a dry eye in the congregation; it was not so much what he had said, but the way he said it that touched and moved all hearts.

He was received and baptized immediately and the hand of Christian

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greeting was extended amid great rejoicing.

As the pastor baptized him in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Donald felt a great weight lifted from his weary soul.

He seemed to feel God's presence upon him and he sent up an earnest prayer that he might be led in the path of all righteousness and be kept from all sin forevermore.

His father and mother came forward and leaning their heads against his shoulder, wept with joy while the congregation sung:

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Savior and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice  
And tell its raptures all abroad."

## CHAPTER V.

### WORKING FOR CHRIST.

We must now leave this sacred place.

But in five years we will witness another scene here just as sacred, around which clusters all the glory which heaven gives earth in answer to a devoted Christian's prayer.

Donald Morris went home that night as happy as he wished to be. The unbeliever and unconsecrated Christian knows nothing of the joy that crowns such a life and the happiness that fills the souls in the Christian home where such a devoted son sheds his hallowed influence.

As Donald rode home that night with his father and mother he talked incessantly about his new joy and great happiness.

The stars, looking down from their great heights, seemed to shine



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with renewed brightness and to rejoice in his happiness with him.

Before retiring that night Donald told his father and mother he wished to hold prayer regularly thereafter and wished to begin that night.

Accordingly he got his Bible and opening it, read the seventeenth chapter of St. John, after which they knelt together and Donald prayed earnestly for them to be delivered from error's chain and to be led in the path of righteousness forevermore.

Reader have you ever stood on holy ground like this? Has your heart ever been touched by that invisible hand that leaves such a mystic influence?

If you have not, may God pity you.

If you have you know something of that indescribable joy which mark-

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ed that scene when they arose from prayer.

With a face radiant with joy Donald said, "I feel so happy tonight. It seems like I can almost see and feel the presence of the blessed Savior tonight and I know He heard my prayer and will answer it."

I think the angels in heaven must have looked down on that scene with joy and that their joyful anthems must have echoed throughout the beautiful sunlit streets and temples of the new Jerusalem because this boy had entered into the Christ life in such a glorious way.

Oh! that we could all have the faith and the trusting nature of this boy.

If we could, then what a happy old world this would be, for if all God's people lived as they should, in fear and reverence of Him, then this earth would be a heaven, a dream-

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land itself, and we would not know the sorrows that afflict us here.

We may wrangle and dispute about what is right and which church is right and whether we are saved by grace or through works, and all these things; gray-haired students may do this, I say, and still be farther from the kingdom, farther from God and Christ than this boy, who put his trust so completely in the hands of Him who ruleth over the destiny of all.

A few Sundays later a prayer-meeting was organized at the church and was to be held at ten o'clock each Sunday morning.

It was announced by one of the brethren that the next Sunday morning the prayer-meeting would be started and that Donald would conduct the service.

Of course every one was eager for the time to come for they want-



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ed to see how he would appear in this new work.

He was well thought of by every one and was a general favorite in his community for his truthfulness, honesty and straightforward manner won the confidence and esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and it was hoped that he would hold an impressive service, for the older people saw a chance to get at the other young people through him.

Of course some few came out of idle curiosity just to see how he would "perform."

Promptly at ten o'clock Sunday morning the crowd was assembled, and with his Bible in his hand Donald arose and faced the congregation.

Looking at the faces before him impressively for a moment he said, "Dear friends, I stand before you today in a new role. You have known me a number of years. You know my character, and when I tell

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you today that I am a different boy to what I have been, that I intend to stand for God and right from now on, I hope you will believe me and I hope, also, that I may have your good wishes and your prayers that I may ever continue in this way."

He then read a part of the twenty-sixth chapter of The Acts of The Apostles, including the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses.

When he had finished reading he laid his Bible on the stand and said, "Agrippa's case was very much like my own, I find. Many times in my life I have felt I was almost saved.

"Many times have I heard a sermon that would make me cry out to myself, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' but something would seem to whisper to me, 'Not yet,' and I would let each glorious opportunity pass.

"Friends, is there not something in these few words that apply to nearly every one of us?

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“When I read this it seems to me I can see clearly Paul, that noble servant of God, in chains and bonds, standing before this king pleading earnestly.

“Was he pleading to be delivered of his chains and be set at liberty? No! Standing there before King Agrippa, he forgot himself; forgot his condition and only thought of the fact that before him sat one of God’s children who was deep in the mire of sin but whose soul longed for the peace and quiet of the religion which Paul enjoyed and possessed.

“He pleaded not for himself but for God and his cause until this king stretched forth his hands and these words came forth from the depth of his soul, ‘Almost thou persuadedest me to be a Christian.’ I can hear that yearning cry today; perhaps you have heard it yourself and like Paul I would to God that all



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who hear me today might be as I am and know the joy and happiness I know. Friends, while we pray to-day I want you to put yourself in as humble and sincere attitude toward God as you can, for remember He said: 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find; ask and ye shall receive.' "

He then knelt and offered an earnest petition to the King on high, after which other members of the congregation offered prayers.

A few soul-stirring songs were sung, after which the congregation dispersed to their homes.

Although Donald did not know it then, much good was to come of what he had done that day.

Grown folks may live almost a perfect life, may exhort and encourage along this line and still be unable to touch some hearts.

But let a little child or a boy or girl begin the life of faith and their

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Christian influence is exerted upon and felt by the hardest heart.

Preachers of wonderful power and influence may be unable to touch with the gospel the indifferent heart of the sinner that seems dead to all good and all virtue, yet the child that follows the Christ-life, while perhaps not able to lead them to repentance, will unconsciously lead them to a better and purer life unless their heart is so deeply seared by sin that they are dead to all that is pure and good.

## CHAPTER VI.

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Tell me not, oh, infidel, there is no God, no heaven, no place of retribution for those in the boundless beyond who caused humanity to suffer, drenched human hearts with suffering and blasted the hopes of bright-eyed youths; who heard the still, small voice of the omnipotent God within them, calling them to a higher, holier and grander life. Tell me not that a God did not create this marvelous being we call man.

Could any intelligence less than God's fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if not of God, that drives the throbbing heart and sends the crimson stream of life through every vein? Whence, and what this thing we call mind? What is this great mystery we call the soul?



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Who will deny the existence of a God, and that he is in and over all?

His mystery is over all, in every flower, bud, leaf and tree, hill, dale and mountain, river, rivulet and spring.

His might is manifested to us in many ways; the wind is His messenger, the thunder of heaven His voice and the earthquake the impress of His feet.

The heavens above us teem with myriads of witnesses; and the universe of solar systems whose wheeling orbs course the crystal paths of space, proclaims through the dread hall of eternity the glory and power of God.

Who, then, will say that a God so powerful, wise and good cannot and will not guide the destinies of men in the affairs of this life?

If I have not misread and misinterpreted everything in the Bible, this boy of whom we write received a

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call from God in the morning of his young life, and created within him a burning desire for the true and beautiful.

Like little Samuel, when he heard the voice of God he answered, "Here am I," and from that time he trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior and from that hour the Holy Spirit was his guide and teacher in all his affairs of life.

The Savior of men taught His disciples that the Holy Spirit of truth would come into the world after His departure and that He would guide them into all truth, and He early entered this boy's life and heart to fill that mission with Him on earth.

His was the dawning of a career that was destined to startle the world in the years to come with all the logic and eloquence of a Paul.

Like many boys his early life contained many hardships, but he was so resolute, modest, unassuming, yet

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very determined, that day by day he overcame every trouble, conquered every temptation, daily grew in the grace and knowledge of God until now he stands before us a model boy in every respect.

Unlike many boys, he had no taste for the coarse, the immodest, the slang and boisterous conduct that characterizes so many boys.

On the other hand he was kind, gentle, refined and always very considerate of the wishes, desires or feelings of others.

Until he was ten years of age, his playmates were mostly girls, and being a boy very easily led by good influence, the pureness and gentleness of his playmates was indelibly stamped upon his heart and was never to be erased.

He was never found listening to or indulging in the profane language so common to some boys but was al-



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ways as modest in his conversation as the purest girl.

He sought and moved in the best society; not the society that many try to follow and move in—the society of the rich and influential—but the society that kept him constantly reminded of his duty to his God; this society kept his mind from worldly things and made him constantly study of the purer and holier things of heaven and earth.

Not that he was unkind or slighted anybody; no, banish that thought, if you entertain it.

Immediately after his conversion and union with the church he started to earnestly work for Christ, and he never lost an opportunity to impart a moral lesson or instruct his associates in righteousness and the higher moral and religious life.

He is a recluse by no means; he often visits his young friends and

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he is always heartily welcome wherever he goes.

His bright, sunny disposition sheds a halo of sunshine wherever he goes; sometimes rebukes come from his lips like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, but they come in that gentle way of refusing to do, and discouraging others in doing, what he does not believe it right and helpful to do, so that he retains the love of those who differ from him, and often wins their deeper admiration for him.

He was in some way different from other boys, or at least most boys; he had something about him that at once seemed to attract others to him; some trait that seemed to make every one love him; he cast an influence for good upon every one with whom he came in contact.

His friends love him with a true devotion, for they have learned his

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sterling qualities and have learned that he will do to trust in every way.

His young friends often come to him for advice for they have found that his judgment is sound and that his insight into things, especially those things pertaining to a spiritual judgment, is far greater than that of many older persons.

He tried to cheer his friends and tried to infuse into them some of his spirit; tried to encourage and raise them to a higher standard of perfection.

To one of his young friends who had professed Christ and seemed to be very impatient because he could not do some wonderful thing at once, he said, "You will find that through grace you grow stronger each day; that you cannot convert the whole world in one day's time.



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“‘Heaven is not reached by a single  
bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we  
rise,  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies;  
And we mount to its summit round by  
round.’”

When the world learns that truth is the great educator and love is the power behind the throne, then success and happiness will come to many thousands where ruin has laid waste the bright hopes of young lives.

Nations do not suffer when their rulers govern in love and mercy, but God pity the home, the land and nation whose rulers frown and rule with a rod of iron, and may He pity the rulers themselves and learn them that the harvest of their frowns is death. The frowns of the great Cæsar made nations tremble and quake but the harvest of his frown was daggers concealed under the cloaks

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of shuddering Romans until the crimson blood of the haughty Cæsar dripped from the blades of treason in the corridors of the Roman capitol.

When the mighty Napoleon frowned all Europe trembled, but his frowns were only the prophecy of Waterloo, which left the chivalry and flower of France lying dead upon the great battlefield.

The life of our beloved Washington eclipses the glory of Cæsar, and the noble reign of the beautiful Victoria outshines the romantic record of Napoleon's rise and fall.

Happiness does not always dwell in palaces, because the sparkling soul of love and sunshine does not sit enthroned there, and from the mirthless heart of a tyrant the milk of human kindness never flows.

Where there is no happiness there is no love, and where there is no love life is a desert of sin.

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Where virtue trembles to tread, where hope falters, where happiness is crucified for the want of those life-lights, all music is banished from the joyless air and all that lies beyond is a voiceless shore and a starless sky. Laughter and love and happiness are the companions of life's pleasures, the allies of civilization and the evangels of God.

They are the guardian angels of every Christian home and the guiding star of every true man and woman's life.

I would rather be the humblest among those who have given hope to the hopeless and happiness to the distressed, than to take my place in history as a conqueror; I would rather have my name written among those who love their fellow-man than to wear the laurels that encircle the brow of tyrant rulers.

I would rather sleep in some lonely church-yard, unknown and unre-



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membered save in the hearts of those in whom I had sown the seeds of kindness and upon whose lips I had caused smiles to play, than to be laid away in a coffin of gold, with a desolate home as my monument and widows and orphans as witnesses of my glory.

In those things that are born of heaven, handed down from God to bless and brighten life, will be found the secret of Donald Morris' life. Though but a boy, he is already changing the tide of affairs in the life of the men around him; he is illuminating the lives of his young friends with a halo of happiness and joy which they never knew before, and is turning the hearts of young and old alike toward heaven and God and giving them a longing for better and purer lives.

The heart life of Donald Morris was in constant communion with the source of life, the great heart life

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of the Son of God, and so the fruit that clusters around him is but the re-producing of the Christ-life in his.

“O Life, beautiful Life,  
The heaven of love and truth;  
O Life, beautiful Life,  
Thou hast given me back my youth.  
I rise on your mystic pinion,  
I breathe in your magical breath;  
O Life, beautiful Life,  
For me there is no more death.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### DONALD'S SICKNESS.

Spring, in all its green loveliness and beauty is upon the earth again.

The fields are clad in green verdure; flowers of different colors lift their heads shyly above the green grass; birds flit from tree to tree, singing their merry songs of praise and gladness; the wind whistles gaily through the forest; the brooks babble softly as they splash and leap and whirl on their never-ending, tireless journey; all the earth is alive with joy and gladness, yet in the community in which Donald Morris lives there is sadness.

One day Donald was taken suddenly ill; the family physician was sent for and came promptly.

After a careful examination he shook his head gravely. Mrs. Morris, very anxious and alarmed,



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pressed the Doctor for an explanation of what was the matter with her boy.

He gave it as his opinion that Donald had an attack of the dreaded disease which modern medical science is battling against so heroically, appendicitis; but said he could not say positively until the case had more fully developed.

He promised to return the next day, gave his final instructions and left.

He was back promptly on time the next day, and after another examination of his patient, reaffirmed his statement of the day before.

He stated that an operation might not be necessary, if taken in hand by a physician skilled in this disease, at once.

He said that in Dallas, a city of North Texas, there was a physician who made a specialty of treating this disease and that he was having won-

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derful success in curing without operating, and gave his opinion that as soon as Donald was able to travel he should be carried to this physician.

The Doctor said he would accompany his patient, and that there would be no use for his father and mother to go, as it would be very expensive on them, and that he would see that Donald had every attention needed for his comfort and safety.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris agreed for Donald to be taken to Dallas, but Mrs. Morris objected very strenuously to neither of them going with him, but gave in when the Doctor told them that he would send a telegram immediately after the examination and report of the specialist, and if he advised an operation they were to come at once; and in case an operation was not necessary he would arrange to have a report sent them each day in regard to his condition.

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In a week he was sufficiently recovered to make the trip, and everything was put in readiness for the start.

The morning he was to start, before leaving the house, he told his father and mother that he felt like he would be back safe and well in a few weeks, but that it was possible this would be the last time he would ever see his old home.

He then asked them to bow with him while he prayed what possibly might be his last prayer around the family altar.

Dear reader, do you have to stretch your imagination to see that scene? If your heart is not too hard, if you have any regard whatever for sacred things, you will not pass this lightly by.

Conscious of the awful fact that this might be the last time he should ever see his beautiful home, or petition God from this holy altar, this



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boy, who trusted so implicitly in the Man of Galilee, closed his thoughts to every worldly thing and poured out his soul to his God.

When they arose every eye was wet with tears they were not ashamed to let flow.

His mother and father accompanied him to the train, and after he was gone they sadly turned their way homeward again.

Their spirits seemed utterly crushed; all the sunshine seemed to be gone out of their life, and they could talk in hushed tones only of their boy.

He was so good and kind to everything and everybody, so manly and true, and as tender as a girl, and his friends having found that he possessed these and other sterling qualities, loved him with an intensity most unusual; and when the news spread over the community that he was to be carried away to be treated,

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and probably to be operated upon, there was sadness in many homes.

Several of his young friends were at his home to bid him good-bye the night before he was to start, and their feelings toward him was plainly shown by their affectionate farewell.

We must now shift the scene to the beautiful city of Dallas.

As a certain train slowed up at the Union station, two figures, whom you will readily surmise to be Donald and the Doctor, descended the steps, and, calling a cab, entered and were rapidly whirled along Main street until they came to the office of the specialist.

Telling Donald to wait in the reception room for a few moments, the Doctor, whose name was Forbes, passed into the private office of the specialist. He wished to give the Doctor something of a history of

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Donald's life, as well as a history of his case.

He was interested in Donald and wished, by giving an account of his life, to interest the specialist and have him to do his best to effect a cure without operating.

After the usual greeting was over, the Doctor said: "Dr. Stanhope, I have brought you a patient in whom I am peculiarly interested; he is suffering with what I am afraid is a serious case of appendicitis.

"I know you have been curing this disease of late with marked success, and I want you to exert all your skill in trying to cure this boy. I know you to be a man of honor, as well as a Christian gentleman, and I think after I have given you an account of this boy you will be quite as much interested in him as I am."

He then went ahead and told the Doctor all about Donald, including a history of his religious work, of



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his unselfish work in behalf of others, and of the magnetic influence he seemed to exert over every one with whom he came in contact.

When he finished speaking Dr. Stanhope said: "I am very much interested in this boy already, from what you have told me about him, and you may feel assured I will do my utmost for him. Bring him in at once."

Dr. Forbes retired to the reception room, where he found Donald reading a small pocket Testament.

On seeing the Doctor returning, he slipped his Testament in his pocket and said, as they stood at the door separating them from the great specialist: "Dr. Forbes, you cannot know my feelings at this moment. In a few minutes, at least, I will know my fate, and while I have left it in the hands of my God and feel that He will watch over me and give me a quick recovery, yet it may be or-

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dained otherwise, and I may soon stand at the threshold of death. Dr. Forbes, I am not afraid to die, but life is very sweet to me, and I should like very much if you would exert your influence upon Dr. Stanhope in my behalf."

"My dear boy," said the Doctor, "I have given Dr. Stanhope a complete history of you, and he is very much interested in you and your case. Rest assured he will do everything in his power to give you a complete recovery."

Donald pressed the Doctor's hand in gratitude, and together they passed through the door and stood before the great Doctor.

Donald saw standing before him a man with a kind face, a professional air and a French beard, and he felt instinctively that he would like this man.

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On the other hand, the Doctor saw before him a tall youth with a clear-cut, honest face and fearless brown eyes, which seemed to pierce and read the thoughts of his mind.

As their hands met in a tight clasp an indescribable feeling passed over both, and the mute appeal in Donald's eyes was answered by a reassuring smile on the Doctor's face.

The Doctor immediately began the examination, asking many questions in the meantime.

Donald answered every question quickly and accurately, and gave the Doctor much additional information, which showed he knew considerable about the human body.

After forty-five minutes spent in a careful examination, Dr. Stanhope said, with a kind smile: "My boy, I think I can cure you in two or three weeks, safe and sound. I do not believe you have, or have ever had,



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appendicitis, and while I cannot say positively as yet that it is not appendicitis, yet I am almost certain it is not. I think that by to-morrow I can tell you definitely."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A DARING RESCUE.

"It is a great relief to hear you say that, Dr. Stanhope. I was very much afraid I would receive an altogether different report, but I feel very much more hopeful after hearing your decision."

"Where will you stay while in the city?" inquired the Doctor.

"At the Southland, sir," said Donald.

"Very well; a fine place. You be back to-morrow at 10 o'clock and we will have another examination. In the meantime you have Dr. Forbes accompany you on a tour over the city, if you like. Doubtless you can find many things that will interest you."

"Very well, sir, I will do so. I think I can find enough amusement

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while in the city that I will not be lonesome."

After a few more words, Dr. Forbes and Donald passed out to the street, where the first thing they did was to go to the telegraph office and send Donald's folks a message conveying the physician's favorable report upon his case.

This done, they spent several hours in sight-seeing. The enormous business of the city, with all its hurry and hustle and many beautiful buildings, presented a very interesting spectacle to Donald.

Instead of asking a great many questions about what he saw, as a great many boys would, placed in his position, Dr. Forbes saw that his eyes were wide open and that he was observant of all he saw.

That night before retiring Donald asked the Doctor if he would join him in worship, and being heartily assured by the Doctor that he



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would, he read from his pocket Testament the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, after which he offered a fervent prayer of praise and thanksgiving.

He prayed in a low, fervent tone of voice, and the Doctor, who was a good judge of persons, knew that every word he uttered came from the depth of an earnest heart.

After they arose from prayer, Dr. Forbes, after gazing intently at Donald for a few moments, said: "Did it ever occur to you that many prayers are never heard nor answered by God?"

Donald looked up in pained surprise. "Doctor, I hope you do not think that I pray for show or anything but to thank God for His goodness to me."

"My boy, I did not intend to hurt your feelings or insinuate any such thing as that. You misunderstood my meaning. But don't you believe

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that there are many people who pray for no other purpose than to be seen of men?"

"Indeed I do, Doctor; they are nothing but hypocrites, for God says so Himself, and says that they shall have their reward. When a man prays and wishes God to hear him he had rather be by himself or in some secret place, for God tells us that if we pray to Him secretly He will reward us openly, and while I had rather be by myself when I worship, I cannot neglect nor omit it just because you or someone else is with me."

"Well said, my boy, and I wish to say to you, for I think it will not swell your head, you are the kind of boy the world has need of. You have started right, and let me encourage you to stay right. Remember, you cannot serve God and mammon. To serve God in an acceptable manner, you must cast aside the

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things of this earth and follow Christ every day of your life."

"I thank you, Doctor, for your kind words. I assure you I appreciate them. Like you say, I know I cannot hold on to worldly things and serve God, so I have cast aside all worldly things, and in my humble way I am trying to serve my Master as He would have me do. I feel that I am being daily led in the path of righteousness, and that by His grace I am growing daily in the faith."

The next morning Dr. Forbes and Donald presented themselves at Dr. Stanhope's office at precisely 10 o'clock.

He was not engaged and, after a cheery greeting, he at once began a very careful examination of Donald.

Presently he smiled and said: "Pshaw! You haven't appendicitis any more than I have, and I can cure you in two weeks, or sooner."



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"Then," said Dr. Forbes, "there is no use for me to remain here any longer. I can do Donald no good by staying here and am losing a great deal of practice."

"Quite right," said Dr. Stanhope. "Well, you may tell Donald's father and mother that inside of two weeks I will send him home sound and well."

Donald accompanied the Doctor to the Union station and waited until he boarded a train for home; then strolled about over the city until evening, when he went to the public library and secured a book on the life of General Houston, after which he returned to his room at the Southland and soon became deeply absorbed in reading.

Under Dr. Stanhope's treatment, Donald began to improve immediately. He made two trips to the Doctor's office daily, one at 10 a. m. and one at 4 p. m.

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He always walked to and from the office, as the Doctor had told him to get all the exercise possible, and although his hotel was over a dozen blocks away, he never took a car.

One evening as he was going to the Doctor's office, he halted at the corner of Ervay and Main street and stood watching the throng of people drift by. Presently a car came thundering along and turned the corner swiftly.

A man with a little girl by his side started to cross the street. The man saw the car and stepped back, but the little girl, probably from being used to the noise made by the car, did not notice that it was coming toward her until she had stepped upon the track.

Looking around suddenly, she saw the car bearing down upon her swiftly, not twenty feet away. She seemed stupefied with terror and stood rooted to the middle of the track.

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The man whom she was with, presumably her father, seemed equally unable to move and stood wringing his hands, making no motion toward saving the little girl.

The motorman did his best to stop the car, but it was clearly seen that its force would carry it over the little girl if she did not move.

Donald's eyes swiftly took in the whole thing.

He saw that if some one did not draw the child from the track, and do it quickly, she would be killed.

He was standing near the curb, fully seven feet from the track.

Gathering himself together, he jammed his hat down hard and went flying through the air.

The car was coming from the left, and as Donald struck the ground by the side of the little girl, it was only four feet away.

Snatching her up with his left hand, he swung her around to his right and started to jump.



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But in that instant the corner of the car struck him. He flung the little girl as far as he could from the car, and as he started to jump he was knocked heavily to the ground.

Men shouted and women screamed as they saw him borne to the ground.

The child was safe, the fall she got from being flung from the track not hurting her, beyond a severe jolting and shaking up, but it seemed that the boy who had so heroically risked his life to save hers had indeed given it up for her sake in the attempt.

A crowd gathered around him, all anxious to see how bad he was hurt, or to see if he was killed.

A burly policeman pushed his way through the crowd and shouted: "Stand back; give him room!"

Some water was quickly brought and poured on Donald's face and head, for it was seen that he was only stunned and was still breathing.

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This revived him and he sat up presently, and then rose unsteadily to his feet.

A tiny stream of blood trickled slowly down across his face from a gash at the edge of his hair.

His clothes were soiled from being knocked down in the dust, and with the blood streaming from the wound in his head he presented a rather unusual spectacle to this crowd.

As he arose to his feet and asked, "Is she safe?" some one shouted, "Three cheers for the plucky boy!" and the air resounded with lusty cheers.

He brushed his clothes, picked up his hat and started toward the sidewalk, when a lady said: "Wait; there is blood on your face. Let me wipe it away."

She moistened her handkerchief preparatory to using it, but Donald said: "Madam, I thank you, but I

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could not permit you to soil your handkerchief. Here, take mine."

She took his handkerchief and carefully wiped all the blood and dust from his face, and said: "Are you hurt much? Can you walk by yourself?"

"Yes, lady, I can walk all right now, although I am pretty weak. I do not think I am hurt beyond a severe shaking up. I wish to thank you again for your interest in me and for what you have done."

He raised his hat to her, and then passed through the crowd without receiving any thanks from the man whose daughter he had saved from a frightful death, and who seemed to realize nothing except that she was safe and uninjured.

Selfish being! How often do we see men act in this manner over different things.

While Donald wanted no thanks, as he considered he had done noth-



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ing but his duty, yet the way in which the man acted showed that he had very little manhood or appreciation.

Donald saw two newspaper men following him, but he was soon lost in the crowd and they did not overtake him.

As soon as he arrived at the office Dr. Stanhope noted his appearance and exclaimed: "Hullo! Been fighting or get run over by an automobile?"

"Neither," said Donald quietly; "I got struck by a car as I was coming to your office."

## CHAPTER IX.

DR. STANHOPE.

“One has to be very careful here in order not to be run over by cars and automobiles,” said the Doctor. “How did it happen, anyway? Did you try to pass in front of the car and let it catch you?”

“Dr. Stanhope, I had rather not talk about it,” said Donald evasively. “It was just simply a case of ‘didn’t jump quick enough,’ and it hit me. I suppose the papers will waste a lot of ink on it; they generally do on such things.”

Dr. Stanhope looked at him curiously for a moment, but said nothing more concerning the accident, if it might be termed such.

The morning papers the next day devoted a whole column to describing the heroic act of “the unknown boy,” as they termed Donald.

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They gave a glowing account of how he saved the little girl from a frightful death almost from beneath a swiftly moving car, and how, as soon as he could walk steadily down the street, he had disappeared, without any one learning his name, and that a search for him by newspaper men had so far been unsuccessful.

Dr. Stanhope read the article in an early paper, and when Donald presented himself at his office that morning he said: "I think I see through this thing now. Aren't you the fellow that rescued that little girl yesterday?"

Donald quietly told him he was and said he had hoped his identity would not become known, for he had only done his duty, like many others would have done had they been in his place, and that he did not see any use in making such a fuss over a little thing like that.



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The Doctor grasped Donald's hand and shook it warmly, saying: "My boy, your modesty is equal to your bravery. Very few men, much less boys, would have attempted such an act, and I assure you I honor you for your bravery and modesty, and I am glad I have the privilege of knowing and having as my friend such a boy as you are."

Donald thanked him for his kind words and asked him not to tell any one that he was the one who performed the act, saying that he didn't even intend to tell his father and mother about it, as it would only worry them.

He kept his word. Neither his folks nor his friends ever knew how near he came to giving his life for that of a little golden-haired girl who was a stranger to him.

Had they known, it would only have increased their admiration for

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him and made him more popular than ever.

A week has passed since the incident which came so near costing Donald his life.

Dr. Stanhope has told him that he is well and can go home.

It is evening and he is there to get his final instructions and tell the Doctor good-bye.

He has learned to think a great deal of Dr. Stanhope, and as he stood before the Doctor he thought of the great debt of gratitude he owed him, and his lips trembled as he said: "Dr. Stanhope, you can never know how much what you have done for me means to me. I owe you a lasting debt of gratitude I can never cancel. I want to thank you again and again, and I assure you I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance."

"My boy," said the Doctor, "I am glad I have been able to do something that will add to your personal

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happiness, for I have learned to think more of you than you know, and if ever you are in the city again remember no one will be prouder to see you than I."

A last grip of the hand, a good-bye, and Donald passed swiftly down the corridor and out into the street.

Dr. Stanhope sat and listened until the last sound of his footsteps had died away, and then said: "A wonderful, a noble boy. He has a brilliant future before him. I do not know when I have seen a boy who attracted me so strongly as he has. Yes, he has a bright, a brilliant future, and he will make the most of it. I hope that I may see him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun is sinking beyond the distant horizon in a haze of purple and gold, and the gray dusk is rapidly casting its mantle over the city.

On a fast train just leaving Dallas was Donald Morris.



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He sat at a window looking out over the city, which, in the shadows of twilight, with its many lights gleaming brightly, presented a very pretty scene.

As he looked beyond the city into the deepening gloom, he thought how different his feelings were now as compared to two weeks before.

Then he had come into a strange city, without relatives, with only one man whom he knew, to seek release from the disease which had fastened itself upon him.

Now he was bidding good-bye to all this.

He was going home—yes, going home, buoyant with a new hope and a new determination.

A peaceful happiness stole over him as he meditated upon these things.

Surely God had granted this to him; yes, he felt that it was the answer to his prayer, and his heart

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grew tender as he thought of the goodness of his God to him.

As soon as it grew too dark to distinguish anything outside, he turned his attention to the occupants of the car, which consisted of an assortment of persons generally found on a car.

He swiftly scanned every face, passing them by with his glance until his eyes rested upon a man near the middle of the car.

The man sat near a lamp and Donald could see his features plainly.

He wore a shabby suit of gray and a soft felt hat, which he finally pulled down over his face.

Before he did this, however, Donald did not fail to catch the sinister gleam of his eyes and to see that his face was marred by dissipation until it wore a reckless look.

Donald tried to picture to himself this man's history and what he was. That he was not far wrong in his conclusions of the man he was sure.

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He had no idea whatever that he would ever know anything of this man or his history, but he was destined to be mistaken, as the future development of the story will show.

As the train thundered along Donald closed his eyes and leaned back on the soft cushion of the seat, not intending to go to sleep, but the motion of the train soon caused him to drop off into a dreamless slumber.

How long he slept thus he never knew; it seemed to him a very short time, but he was awakened suddenly by being dashed violently against the seat in front.

There was a tearing, crashing noise, the train swayed heavily to one side and stopped with a nerve-wracking jolt that threw every passenger violently from their seats.

Dazed and hurt, Donald caught to the back of a seat and painfully regained his position, and, looking about him, he saw other passengers



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in the car lying across seats, and one, the man in the gray suit and felt hat, with the sinister face, the one that Donald had watched so keenly, was lying doubled up in the aisle.

As soon as he was able to stand upon his feet, Donald, together with several others, hastily climbed out of the car to see what the trouble was.

A little group of excited men was gathered at one side of the engine and they hurriedly made their way to these.

On reaching the group of men it was found that a spread rail had caused the engine and tender to leave the track.

The engineer and fireman were both hurled from the cab and now lay bruised and bleeding on the grass, moaning with pain.

Donald started on a run toward the coach from which he had come to see if he could find a physician on the train.

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He found a little group bending over the man we have spoken of before, and one, whom Donald readily took to be a physician, was making a hurried examination of him.

Donald hurried up to him and asked: "Are you a physician, sir?" and when he answered in the affirmative, Donald told him of the engineer and fireman's condition and received the reply that he would see them as quickly as possible.

The man over whom he was working opened his eyes and, in a gasping breath, said weakly: "It ain't no use working over me, Doc. Work with some fellow what has a chance to live. I'm hurt on the inside, and you can't do me any good with your medicine."

His voice grew very husky, and he said: "It won't be but a few minutes and I'll be gone." Then the full force of the words struck him and he repeated: "Gone, gone—where?"

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His voice rose and he shrieked: "Where, where? Will it be to that beautiful paradise I have heard of? No, it can never be." His voice died away almost to a whisper, and he said: "I know I am doomed to eternal death. There is no hope for me. But before my last breath is gone I want to tell you a story. It may not interest you, but it will take a load from my mind and will make dying a little easier."



## CHAPTER X.

### STORY OF A WRECKED LIFE.

The physician produced a small flask and poured a few swallows of its contents down the man's throat. For a few minutes it seemed to revive him, and he began his story.

"Once I was as pure as the purest girl.

"My father died when I was ten years old, and as I was the only child I was left to provide a living for mother. We lived in Chicago, and although mother and I both worked hard we could barely make enough to provide the necessities of life, yet we were happy, or at least I was, until the first event occurred which started me on the downward path. My mother had taught me to be strictly honest, to never curse or run with bad boys. I sold newspapers to help make a living, and, of course, ran up against some very bad boys in the

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same business. At first I shunned them and would have nothing to do with them, but pretty soon I decided they were pretty nice fellows and fell in with them.

“One night one of them proposed to me that we rob a grocery store and get some good grub.

“I balked at first, but let him persuade me into it finally, and that night we managed to break into a small grocery and loaded ourselves down with good things to eat and started home.

“When I laid my things down before my mother she was speechless with astonishment.

“She knew I had stolen them, in spite of the fact that I protested I had earned them doing extra work. She gave me a long talk and told me how wrong I had done and how it grieved her, and she made me promise that I would never do it again.

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"I promised and meant to keep my promise, and for awhile I kept away from my evil companions. About this time my mother took very ill with fever, and one day, knowing the end was near, she called me to her, and gave me a long talk about how she wanted me to live and what kind of a man she wanted me to make; then she told me she was going to die and asked me to meet her in heaven, and of course I promised her. I was heart-broken at the thought of her dying and leaving me alone in that great city, but in a few days she died and I was left to fight life's battles alone.

"For awhile I tried to live right and do my duty, but the evil influence around me soon pulled me down. One night one of the newsies tried to get me to go with him into a saloon, but I refused, and finally he dared me to go in, and when he did that it made me mad and I bolted in-



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side the saloon. We stayed until a late hour, listening to the beautiful music and watching the gamblers play cards and then went home. The next night I was back again. It was such a dazzling place, and I grew interested in watching the players.

“Soon I was persuaded to play myself, and the fire and passion of the thing soon ate its way into my brain.” Here he choked and gasped for breath. The physician poured a swallow of the brandy down the man’s throat, and after a moment he went ahead with the story.

“Having nothing but evil influences around me, and nothing to check my downward course, I drifted from bad to worse. By the time I was eighteen I had lost all honor and was a constant gambler. I secured a position in a large manufacturing establishment in Chicago, but did not stay with it long, for one morning when I came in, after having been on

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a big spree all night, the manager told me he did not need any such fellows as me and that I might draw what pay was coming to me and seek employment elsewhere. I drew my pay and took a train for the West, for I was sick of Chicago, and thought that, perhaps, by going West I might build myself up and make a man yet. I hit the desert West of Santa Fe, and for three years I worked steadily on a ranch, although in a pretty rough crowd. I partly redeemed myself and began to be a better man.

“No one who is not a gambler knows anything about the terrible temptation to return to the old life of sin, and one day while in Santa Fe I ran up on one of the old boys whom I associated with in Chicago, and he persuaded me to go back to Chicago with him, and, well knowing it would prove my downfall again, I let the temptation overcome me and

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went back with him to the old haunts."

His voice had sunk almost to a whisper; his labored breath showed that he was fast getting weaker, and when he gave a sudden cough a scarlet fleck of blood stood upon his lips.

"From this time on I became a perfect wreck; the influence which my mother cast over me was lost and I forgot the promise I had made to her on her dying bed. I have sinned only God knows how. My life has been an empty shell; I moored my boat to an agent of destruction, and the outgoing tide has swept me away, and now I see nothing but eternal destruction ahead. Oh, would to God that I could have seen this sooner! I can't pray to God, for I'm not worthy, but won't somebody pray for me before I pass out? After all I have suffered, perhaps He will have a little mercy on my wretched soul."



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He turned his head slightly and looked appealingly at the faces above him. His eyes had already taken on a glassy lustre, and it was plain that he could not last much longer.

There was no minister on the train and it seemed that no one would answer his dying plea and pray for him.

Seeing the hesitation on the part of the others, Donald knelt by the man's side and said: "My friend Christ is willing to forgive you yet. He forgave the thief on the cross, and He will forgive you. No matter how scarlet your sins may be, if you will turn from the path of sin, He will still believe in you."

The dying man gropingly sought for Donald's hand, which he held in his own feeble grasp. While Donald was praying for God to have mercy on this poor wretch, an agonized cry came from his lips. "Oh, God, have mercy on me, a sinner!" and in a few moments the watchers heard him

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whisper: "Yes, mother; I am coming."

Then his hand fell away from Donald's, and when he arose from prayer and looked into the man's face he saw a look of contentment there; a smile was on his lips, and Donald knew that his soul had returned to its Maker.

They then left him to look after the other sufferers. It was found that six others were hurt, two of them seriously. Far into the night they labored to relieve the sufferings of the injured ones, and at dawn the next morning, when a relief crew came to their rescue, the sufferers were resting as easily as circumstances would permit.

The track was fixed, the engine and tender righted, and the train moved slowly onward with its injured and dead.

At 10 o'clock it reached the town where Donald was to get off. His

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parents were there to meet him, and after the glad greeting was over he stood silent and motionless, watching the train until it disappeared in the distance, and then, hand-in-hand with his parents, he turned and, as they slowly walked away, he told them his experience in coming back home and the story of a blasted life, just as it had come from the man's own lips.

When he had finished the story his father said: "It is sad, sad to think that some men will barter their lives away like that. It seems strange that they cannot see that such a life leads swiftly to eternal shame and destruction, but it seems that they follow the mad passions and the desires of the present, without any thought whatever of what such a life will bring them to in the future."



## CHAPTER XI.

HARRY DENTON.

It is autumn again and is time for school to open once more.

The directors of the school near Donald's home, in recognition of his ability, have placed him in a good position in that school.

It is the day school is to open, and as Donald wended his way to the school-house he whistled a merry tune.

He was very glad that he commanded the respect of his community to such an extent that he was to be placed in this position; he was glad that he held the confidence of the people, and that they were not afraid to place their children under his teaching.

He realized the great responsibility placed upon him; he knew that his acts and words would have a great

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influence in shaping the future destiny of the children with whom he was to work, either for good or bad, and he resolved that, with God's help, the example he set before them, both in act and teaching, should be blameless.

As he stood before them that morning and looked into their bright, happy faces, he renewed his resolution.

On their faces he saw nothing but perfect trust and confidence, and he said to them: "My little friends, you cannot begin to comprehend how glad I am to be with you to-day and that we are to work together this term of school; you cannot realize the depth and intensity of my feelings this morning as I stand before you, nor do you know the respect and love I have for you, but let me assure you it is very great.

"Perhaps some of you do not realize the great responsibility that will

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rest upon me as your teacher. I am not here merely to instruct you in your studies, but on me falls the responsibility of helping to shape your future destiny, your future life.

“I cannot make a success of you, no matter how hard I try, if you do not help me.

“I want you to see the pure and beautiful in everything; sift them from the impure and vulgar, and never contaminate yourself by sinking to such a low level that you indulge in vulgarism of any kind.

“Keep yourself pure and spotless, as the Master would have you do. Every morning together we will stand and ask God to guide us through the perils and temptations of the day and we will ask Him to guide us in the path of all righteousness and to ever keep us pure and clean.”

When Donald finished speaking he bade them stand and, with bowed head, he reverently invoked the bless-



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ings of the Father upon his school and himself, and asked that they be guided each day by His mighty power.

Do not think, dear reader, that he did this for any other purpose than to bring his pupils into a closer relationship with God and to get them to see the beauty of the true life.

If you think he did it for personal popularity or purpose, banish it at once, for no such thought ever entered his mind.

He lived his teachings before his scholars and they soon learned to love him in a very unusual manner, for he gained their respect this way more quickly than he could have done in any other way.

They saw that he trusted in God for all power and they were not afraid to trust in him.

The larger pupils in the superintendent's room had equally as much

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esteem and confidence in him and often came to him for advice or to tell him their troubles, for they soon learned that he had a very sympathetic nature and was always ready to help those in distress.

One morning before reaching the school-house one of the larger boys who belonged in the superintendent's room came slowly across the grounds to meet him.

This boy's name was Harry Denton, and he and Donald were fast friends.

Donald could tell that something was amiss, from the clouded, anxious look on Harry's face, and he asked: "What is the matter, old boy? Something has gone wrong, I know. Tell me about it."

Harry grasped his hand and said: "God bless you, Donald! I knew you would sympathize with me. I feel like I am ruined, disgraced forever. Donald, you are the best friend

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I have and, except my father and mother, you are the first one I have told my story to. Let us walk out to the church-house and I will tell you all about it."

As it lacked some thirty minutes until time to begin work, Donald accompanied him to the church and, sitting down on the steps, Harry began his story.

"Last Friday night I went to an entertainment at Mr. Dayton's, as I understood it to be, but it turned out to be a dance. You know, Donald, I do not make a habit of going to dances, nor do I dance, but that night they begged me to dance one set, anyhow, and I finally consented. After I had danced one set, I wanted to dance another, and I kept dancing until I was exhausted and, hot and tired, I left the room. Dan Pruden met me at the door and, together, we walked out into the yard to cool. Near the gate Dan's foot struck



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against something and, stooping quickly, he picked it up and, striking a match, we saw it was a bottle half full of whiskey.

“Dan started to set it back down where he found it, and then said: ‘I wonder how it tastes and how it would seem to drink a little. Suppose we try it once, Harry?’ I tried to get him to let it alone, but he turned the bottle up and took a swallow. He said it was fine and made a fellow feel big, and kept after me until I took a drink.

“We then put the bottle down and sat down under a tree and talked awhile, but soon the drink we had already got called for another, and before we knew it we had the bottle again.” For a moment he paused; his lips trembled so he could hardly talk, and Donald felt profoundly sorry for him.

“We kept this up until we were both drunk and then staggered into

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the house. Donald, you cannot know the shame of it all and how I feel over being guilty of such a thing.

"I know I have no right to call myself your friend any longer; I know you would never stoop to such a scandal, and I could not blame you if you were to refuse to have anything more to do with me."

Donald looked at him earnestly for a moment and then said: "Harry, is that your idea of Christianity. Do you think that because you have done wrong is any reason why I should turn against you and have nothing further to do with you?"

"Do people reform by having others criticise and abuse them for wrong-doing? No, it only hardens them the more and makes them hate and distrust mankind.

"Harry, what would you think of me if I was to condemn and criticise you and spread over the community the story of what you have done?"

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Do you think I would have any right to call myself a Christian?

“My duty is to lift fallen humanity; to try to get a reformation by being kind and good to those who have gone wrong, and I cannot help to blight your life by being cruel and unkind to you when you most need my assistance.”

“Oh, Donald, you do not know how glad it makes me feel to hear you say that, for I was afraid every one would turn against me and try to push me on down. You believe in me yet?”

“Yes, Harry, I believe in you yet, and will do all I can to help you build yourself up; but the next time you are tempted to sin in this way, remember your dear mother and the sorrow it will cause her. Won't you promise me, Harry, that you will never take another drink nor go to another dance? Dances, as well as whiskey, are the cause of many a



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boy's downfall, for it is there that many boys learn to drink."

Harry took Donald's hand in his own and said steadily: "I promise you, Donald, as I promised my mother, that never would I take another drink, nor go to another dance, and with God's help I will keep my promise. Donald, I want you to pray for me that I may quit my life of sin and live as you live. If I could only enjoy the peace and happiness of belonging to God, as you do, I would be happy indeed."

"Harry, I will pray for you and I want you to pray earnestly for yourself. The fact that you want to be saved shows that God is willing to pardon your sins. Pray and keep praying; pray earnestly and steadfastly and the darkness will fade away and the light of the Judean hills will illumine your life even as it has mine."

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They then went back to the school-house, the one conscious that he had given inspiration and encouragement to a troubled soul, the other that he had a friend who was a friend indeed.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DONALD AND MAUDE MASSEY.

In the same school where Donald taught, in one of the higher grades, was a girl who will be closely connected with the remainder of this book.

Bright-eyed and sunny-haired, Maude Massey was a favorite among her playmates and friends.

She possessed grace in form, face and manner.

Her clear-cut, oval face was beautiful indeed; when she smiled a dimple played in either cheek and a row of gleaming white teeth shone through a pair of soft, velvety lips.

She had a bright, sunny disposition, which made her very attractive, and her friends loved her dearly, declaring that she was a girl of sterling quality.



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She and Donald were friends and were often together.

Each had the respect and admiration of the other; she liked Donald because of his manly way and Christian life, and Donald liked her because she had proven herself to be his friend in more ways than one.

She possessed a kind, gentle spirit and was always ready to help any one in distress or show a kindness wherever she could.

One evening Donald walked home with her from school.

For several weeks he had wished to talk with her about her spiritual life, and this was as good a chance as he could get.

He knew that she was a model girl in nearly every respect, yet he did not know whether she had given her life to God as he hoped she had.

He quickly brought up the subject in mind by asking: "Maude, you believe there is a God who is supreme,

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a Savior who took upon Himself the sin of the world and for your sake died and was resurrected to show that we shall likewise rise, and that through this Savior there is salvation for us, do you not?"

"Certainly I do, Donald. You do not think I am an infidel or atheist, or anything like that, do you?" she asked reprovingly.

"I beg your pardon, Maude. I did not mean to insinuate any such thing as that. I have been wanting to talk to you for some time in regard to your salvation. I am deeply interested in you, and since I gave my life to Christ I want to see you and everybody else saved. You are at peace with mankind; you haven't an enemy anywhere, but have you made peace with God? Do you honestly believe and feel that through Christ Jesus you have been redeemed of your sins and forgiven?"

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She turned her eyes full upon Donald, and in them was the glint of a tear as she said: "Oh, Donald, I must confess the truth to you and tell you all. Ever since you were converted I have been trying to live as you live. I saw what a grand and noble life you were living and I have been hungry for the faith and perfect confidence in God which characterizes your life, but that peace of mind and soul has never come to me yet, and although people say I am a good girl and live right, yet I know that my sins have not been forgiven and that I am not at peace with God."

"Have you prayed earnestly to God to forgive your sins?"

"Not as much as I should, I fear; I cannot see why He should save some from their sins and let others perish.

"It is not because He is partial to some, for the Bible says 'God is no



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respector of persons ;' yet it looks like He will not save me, though I suppose I have not asked Him in the right way, nor often enough."

"That is it, Maude; you have not asked Him in the right way nor often enough. When men are not forgiven of their sins it is because they have grown too hard-hearted to repent, and I know you are not that way. Before He saved me I prayed day and night that the light might come upon me, and although it seemed sometimes that the way was very dark and that my prayer was not going to be answered, yet when the time came in my life that I felt like I could not do without God any longer, and went to praying in earnest, He manifested Himself to me in such a manner that all doubts were dispelled and I knew that my sins were forgiven. He forgave my sins, and He will forgive you yours. The fact that you want to live right and know

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God and His mercy shows that He is willing to pardon you. You can never know until you have become one of the blood-washed throng how sweet this life is. We have nothing to gain by living the life of sin, but everything to lose, while a halo, a rainbow of promise rests upon the brows of the righteous."

"I know it, Donald, and, oh, how I long for peace from the life of sin and to be made to feel that God has accepted me as His own. I don't know why you have taken such an interest in me, as I am a Baptist and you are a Methodist, but believe me, Donald, I do appreciate it, and I want to tell you that I believe in you, have believed in you all the time, and will continue to do so, and want you to pray that I may find the light and be saved."

Donald turned his dark eyes upon her and said earnestly: "I have a profession, a duty to perform. I pro-

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fess to love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and the fact that you are the daughter of Baptist parents and a Baptist yourself does not keep me from wanting you saved. Maude, we are all brothers, members of one great family; we all have one God and one heaven to try to reach; then instead of squabbling so much about which church is right, why not all unite and throw our efforts together and work for nothing but God and His kingdom?"

"You do not think it makes any difference, then, what church we belong to, just so we are Christians?" she asked.

"I believe that there are Christians, people who are saved, in nearly all the different churches. I do not think a man has to be a Methodist or a Baptist to be saved, yet I do believe that Christ intended that there should be but one church, for He said, 'On this rock will I build



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my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' and from the fact that He said church, and not churches, I believe that we should all belong to one church."

"But how are we to know which church is right," she questioned, "when men get up such widely different ideas, and each says that his church is right and that the others are wrong?"

"From the Bible. I do not think that Christ would have left us so much in the dark as that, and I think that if we search the Scriptures intently enough we can undoubtedly find which is right, and while I am a Methodist now from reading the Bible, yet I am always seeking for the true and the beautiful, and if, after delving deeper into its many mysteries and learning more about it, I should believe that the Baptist Church was the one Christ intended me to join, I should unhesitatingly

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do so. The man who is so narrow as to say that his church is right and all others wrong, and that none are saved unless they belong to the church which he does, is, I think, rather to be pitied. God's Word says that each one of us is to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. I cannot give you your salvation; I can only point the way to Christ, and you must yourself be humble and earnest before God and pray Him to accept you as His own, and although it may not come at first, yet, if you stand His test, He will at last crown you with peace and happiness.

"Many times have I slipped out into the night, after every one was asleep but me, and knelt and prayed God to rid my soul of its burden of sin, and He heard my pleadings, and to-day, thanks be to Him, I know that through the sacrifice of my Sav-

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ior I have been born again and am one of the blood-washed throng."

"Oh, that I could say that, and say it truly as you can, Donald! I think, if God would only pardon me so that I might live for Him and Him alone, I would be the happiest girl you ever saw."

"You can be if you will," said Donald; "I will help you. God will pardon you as readily as He did me or any one else. Maude, I firmly believe that if you will pray God earnestly to-night He will hear you and answer your prayer, and that to-morrow you can tell me that you are a child of God through the mercy and love of a crucified Savior."

They had now reached the home of Mr. Massey, and as they paused at the gate Donald asked eagerly: "Won't you do it, Maude? Won't you pray for this to-night? I will pray for you, and I feel like I know that our prayers will not be in vain."



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She looked at him through eyes dimmed by tears and, with quivering lips, said: "Donald, you cannot know what all this means to me; what your talk has done for me. I feel that I am better by just listening at your conversation, and, believe me, Donald, from now on I am going to be a different kind of a girl. I do promise you that from now on I will seek God and His righteousness in all earnestness, and I do want you to pray for me that I may find the peace for which I am longing."

As Donald turned his steps homeward he felt joyously inclined to sing or do something to give vent to his happiness.

Happy he was, indeed, for he firmly believed that his friend was soon to enter into the Christ-life and to enjoy the peace and happiness for which she was longing.

That night when all was peaceful and quiet in his home he slipped out

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into the beautiful star-lit night, and in the shadow of a giant tree, on the bare ground, he knelt and prayed earnestly and tearfully that his little friend might accept Christ as her Savior and receive, through Him, peace to her troubled soul.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### INTO THE LIGHT.

Could Donald have known it, even while he was praying for her, Maude Massey was bowing, humbly praying for light and life.

“Oh, God,” she prayed, “take me as I am to-night, sin-burdened and sin-sick. If my sins can be forgiven, manifest Thyself to me to-night, for I am tired of the world and its way and seek the peace of Thy favor. Merciful Father, from the depth of an earnest heart, I pray Thee to make me a child of Thine to-night and give me the evidence that Thy divine favor rests upon me.”

Thus she prayed, on and on, until the light stole in upon her troubled soul, and she stood up rejoicing, knowing that her prayer had been answered and that she was now,



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henceforth, to be a follower of the blessed Man of Galilee.

Stretching her arms heavenward, she murmured softly, while her eyes were dimmed by tears of gladness and happiness:

“‘Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.’”

“Take me, oh, God, with all my imperfections, and make of me what Thou will.”

She stood up and looked about her in great happiness and joy.

“Surely it will not be hard to serve such a God,” she murmured happily as she got into bed.

Lying on her downy pillow, she thought it all over; what this new life meant to her in the way of duty and responsibility, and she knew it meant much. She would have to isolate herself from the world and

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its sin, and deny herself many of its fading pleasures.

She would have to assume the duties of a Christian and start fearlessly to work for Christ, but she knew it would now be a pleasure instead of the task she had thought it would be. She thought of the Savior's words, "Whosoever putteth his hands to the plow and turneth back is not fit for the kingdom of God," and she murmured: "Please, God, grant that I may never have a desire to turn back, but may always strive to follow in the pathway my Savior trod."

Then she thought of Donald and of him being the cause of her salvation, and her heart went out to him in warmest gratitude.

She knew that he was the cause of it all, for previous to their association together she had given the matter no serious thought, but as soon as she began to know him and note his Christian life, she began to see

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the pure and beautiful in life and longed for the calm peace and happiness that crowned his life.

Thus, on and on, her mind ran, and at last, with these words, "One star in Donald's crown," ringing in her thoughts, she dropped to sleep like a tired child to dream, perhaps, of the greatest event that had ever entered her life—the saving of her soul.

The next morning as soon as she entered school Donald noted her bright, happy face, radiant in her joy, and with keen intuition he at once guessed the secret of her happiness.

As soon as she found a chance she came, when no one was in the room but Donald and herself, and to him she told it all—how, led by his influence, she had fulfilled her promise and prayed until her sins had been forgiven, and that now she was to be a follower of Jesus of Nazareth the



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rest of her life. Her eyes sparkled brightly, and she seemed alive with joy, and Donald knew that she was sincerely happy as she talked to him.

He waited quietly until she had told him all, and then said slowly: "I knew it would come, Maude. I felt yesterday that this morning you would tell me exactly what you have, for I steadfastly believed you were to be saved. I sincerely rejoice with you in your new-found happiness, and if I have in any way influenced you for good, I am doubly glad, and if I can help you in any way in your new life I will most gladly do so."

"It seems that you and Donald are getting on quite well lately," said one of the school girls to Maude Massey during play time.

This girl's name was Maxine Elliott.

She was a beautiful girl, with dark hair and eyes, but her beauty was marred by her disposition.

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Proud and haughty, she thought herself above most of her playmates and friends, and although Donald had always treated her with the same respect and courtesy that he did the other girls and had tried to be her friend, yet she did not like him, and the friendship between him and Maude Massey presented a mark for her spiteful remarks and criticisms.

At this remark of hers her companion looked at her in surprise and asked: "What do you mean, Maxine?"

"I mean that the relation between you seems quite marked of late. It seems that the friendship existing between you is growing into a deeper affection," she said mockingly.

"For shame, Maxine! You do not know what you are talking of. Donald Morris' life is a model for any young person to follow. The life that he lives and the influence he has started me in the search for the beau-

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tiful in this life, and to him I owe the fact that to-day I can truthfully say I am a Christian. He is a noble boy and I am glad to call him my friend. He is my friend, nothing more."

"And what if I should tell you that he really is no Christian; that it is all assumed, and that he has done this just to get your confidence, and perhaps your love?"

"I would tell you that it was utterly false, and that his interest in me was due to the fact that he wanted me saved," was the prompt reply. "Nothing that you could say would cause me to change my opinion of Donald and to believe that he is anything other than what he pretends to be."

"I guess Brother Ben knows more about him than you do, and he says that Donald Morris is no more of a Christian than he is an angel, and says that he is just pretending he is for personal popularity and gain."



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“Maxine, you know yourself that is untrue. Ever since your brother Ben insulted Lucy Carlyle and Donald took it up and made him apologize, he has hated Donald, and without a cause. Donald Morris would protect you from insult as quick as he did Lucy, as quick as he would me or any one else, and you know that your brother was wholly to blame.”

“I don’t know any such thing,” was the defiant reply, “and I don’t like Don Morris any too well myself, nor I don’t trust him much, either.”

“I am sorry, Maxine, that this has come up between us. We don’t want to quarrel, for that is not right; let us drop this subject and forget all our words. Time will tell what Donald really is; if he is not in earnest he cannot keep up the deception long, but if he is the Christian that he appears to be, and that I believe him to be, he will grow better as he grows older, and time will prove that

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you are wrong in your judgment of him."

One day when Donald came into the schoolhouse, he found Maxine Elliott sitting in the room by herself working at a problem in her algebra which seemed to be giving her some trouble.

As he entered the room she looked up and said petulantly: "I do wish I didn't have to study this horrid old algebra! Here I have worked at this problem four times and have failed every time. I just hate it!"

"Let me help you," said Donald, as he crossed over to where she sat.

She handed him the book without a word and sat watching him as he worked.

In a few minutes he had it solved and, handing her the paper, said: "There! I think you will understand that now. It is simple after we get it untangled, isn't it?"

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"I suppose you mean it is simple to any one who has sense enough to understand it, don't you?" she asked sneeringly.

Without a word Donald arose and started toward the door, but before he reached it he seemed to change his mind, for he turned abruptly and came and sat down by her side again.

Looking at her searchingly, he said: "Maxine, I wish to ask you a question. I want to know why you do not like me, and why you persist in misunderstanding me as you do. Have I ever mistreated you any way, or have I ever done anything you could not sanction as right?"

She flushed and looked embarrassed, and finally said it wasn't a fair question.

"I beg your pardon, Maxine, but I see nothing unfair about it at all. I have always tried to treat you right—tried to treat you just as I have



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other girls, just as I would my own sister if I had any.

“You know I did not mean to say you did not understand that problem because you did not have sense enough. Such a thought never entered my mind, and if it had I trust that I have more respect for a lady than to have said so.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DONALD'S HONOR.

“Maxine, Christ bade me love my fellow-men; I am trying to follow His teaching, and I want you to be my friend. I know you have, for some reason, never liked me, but if you will be my friend I will try to prove myself worthy of your friendship and that I am what I pretend to be.”

“Whenever I want your friendship I will let you know,” she said rudely and somewhat coldly, and without another word she walked away.

Donald watched her a moment as she walked away and then turned and strode from the room.

He could not understand this girl; she was a puzzle to him.

He wanted them to be friends because he felt it was his duty, and while her manner was very rude he

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bore her no ill-will; he was only disappointed in her and sorry, sincerely sorry, that she had acted in such a manner.

He saw in her the spirit that Christ so strongly condemned, and he knew that the life she was living was not the Christ-life.

A few weeks after this, quarterly conference was held at the church, and it was decided to organize a Sunday School at that place.

For some time the pastor had been urging upon the people of the community the need of a Sunday School, and it was decided to organize one immediately.

When the time came to select a superintendent one of the deacons of the church arose and said that he, with a goodly number of others, had talked of the matter of electing a superintendent, and that all had agreed Donald Morris was the one to fill the office.



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Donald was very much surprised at being mentioned in connection with occupying of this responsible position, and he arose to protest.

"Brethren," he said, "I fully appreciate the confidence you have in me, which is manifested by the desire to place me as superintendent, but I wish to say this: I do not feel that I am competent to conduct a Sunday School as it should be conducted, and I respectfully suggest that some one else be placed in that position.

"I do not say this because I wish to get out of the work which would necessarily devolve upon me as superintendent, but because there are older men here who have a better knowledge of how to conduct a Sunday School and who could, I think, fill the place with much more ability than I."

When he had finished and sat down, the brother said: "Heretofore when we would try to run a Sunday

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School here, some of us older fellows have been superintendent, and we have never had a Sunday School that was a success. You are a young man of ability and educational advantages and well-liked by everybody, and we think you are the proper one for the place.

“Through you we hope to reach the young people and get them interested, and we believe your influence over the young people of the community will be a great benefit to the Sunday School.”

After this Donald said no more.

Perhaps they were right about this.

He might have more influence over the young people than an older person.

Perhaps God would bless his efforts and he would be able to bring some of them, at least, to Christ, so he said: “Since it is your wish that I act as superintendent, I will com-

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ply with your wishes and, with God's help, I will exert every power I possess for good, and will do my best to make the Sunday School a success."

Little did he dream then of the fruit that his labor in this work was to bring forth.

So the next Sunday at prayer-meeting it was announced by Donald that on the following Sunday they would organize a Sunday School.

Donald was very anxious to get started in this work, so the following week seemed very long to him in his anxiety.

When Sunday finally came he was at the church promptly at the appointed time and found a good crowd present.

He at once called the house to order and before beginning to organize he made a very appropriate address, setting forth the purpose and mission



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of the Sunday School, and closed by asking all who would to join.

Inspired by his talk, nearly all of the young people joined, as did most of the older ones.

Altogether, it was a good beginning and Donald was highly pleased.

While he was organizing the classes, Donald was also anxiously watching Maxine Elliott, and while he had no idea she would join, yet he intended to ask her to do so, and he was surprised, but glad, nevertheless, when she came forward and said she wished to join.

Maude Massey was there also and joined.

She and Donald were very intimate friends now, and each was very much interested in the other, although each thought the other knew nothing of it.

While she and Donald belonged to different churches, yet there seemed to be an indescribable bond be-

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tween them which was growing stronger each day.

Donald's New Testament story of Christianity has awakened in her mind a very serious question concerning herself.

She has seen something in him that she realizes she does not possess, and a spirit of inquiry has come into her.

His constant study of the Bible, his daily walking in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee, has created a hungering in her heart for that calm peace that characterizes his life, and she is now a constant reader of the Word also, and in her home a great difference is observed in her life.

Her father said to her mother one day: "Maude has changed more in the last few months than any girl I ever observed."

They did not know that every night she asked God to make her life

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more beautiful and to lead her into all truth and righteousness.

Her father did not know, but her mother, with a mother's keen intuition, suspected that the idea of the beautiful in the life of Donald Morris has cast a charm over the life of their daughter.

How true is the old saying that "like begets like."

Associations mould and shape destinies, whether for good or bad.

Darkness cannot be displaced with darkness, but it can be displaced with light.

Sin cannot be displaced with sin, but it can be displaced with righteousness.

Whenever parents and Christian people begin to believe that the life of Jesus Christ is a livable reality and that every day they can follow in His footsteps and live His teachings, then they will have children like Donald Morris to bless and sanctify the home



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and cast a hallowed influence over the lives of others.

Would to God that more of our Christian people could see this great truth and live the life that Christ would have us live!

## CHAPTER XV.

### TWO LETTERS.

One day Donald came into the house and handed his mother a letter which bore the postmark of a town in Mississippi.

On opening it she saw it was from her brother, Oliver Davis, and as she read a look of deepest concern spread over her face, and when she had finished reading she handed the letter to Donald without a word, but he saw by the look on her face that it contained painful news.

That the reader may comprehend the nature of the letter, we will quote a few words just as they appeared to Donald as he read.

“As I write this letter to-day I am sad and lonely. I had thought to be able to write you of my happiness, but I can only write of my sadness.

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This is Sunday and was to have been the happiest day of my life, but, alas! it is the saddest.

“To-day I was to have wed one of the most beautiful women the sun ever shone upon, but instead of that to-day I am unmarried, a ruined and broken-hearted man. As I look about me, it seems that everything is happy but me. The sun is shining brightly; the birds are warbling and straining their little throats in notes of gladness; the bees seem to hum in quiet delight, and the gorgeous colored flowers wave joyfully in the breeze, and as I look upon these things it seems that they are trying to mock me in my sadness, and I wonder why God permits me to be so unhappy with all this beauty around me.

“At the last moment the one that I loved and trusted and was to have wed broke her sacred promise to me, and nevermore will I have any con-



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fidence in women. She seemed an angel almost; I trusted her implicitly, but she betrayed that trust, and though the God of my destiny may will that I live to be an old man, yet I will never call any woman my wife.

“My life is ruined and will nevermore be anything but an empty shell, a life without hope, love or gladness. I shall go away, and perhaps the pain of the sting may lessen with the coming of the years, but I can never forget her or this day.

“Perhaps in the years to come she will repent, but she can never be the same to me again. My life is wrecked forever; there is no more happiness for me, and I will die a broken-hearted man.”

It was a touching letter to these two, sister and nephew, and they sympathized deeply with him.

Mrs. Morris said it made her very sad to think of her brother's blighted happiness, but Donald told her that

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he would not be so bitterly desolate after the first grief wore away.

Said he: "That Uncle Oliver has put his trust in earthly things is shown very clearly by the contents of this letter; he broods bitterly over the fact that he has lost his love, as he calls her, without ever thinking that there is a God who could help him in his distress if he would only put his trust in Him and ask Him to do so.

"The idea of him saying that the birds and bees and flowers were trying to mock him when they were God's gift to cheer him in his sadness, and to think that he says his confidence is shaken in women just because this one happened not to care enough for him to marry him! I suppose he has forgotten that he has a mother and a sister.

"If he is going to let this wreck his life, I should say it is very easily wrecked."

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“Donald, you have had no experience such as his, and you cannot know the bitter disappointment he has to bear, so let us not condemn him, but sympathize with him and send him a letter of encouragement and good cheer to revive his drooping spirits.”

“Yes, mother, I know just how he feels, or I think I do, although, as you say, I have had no experience along this line; but with all respect for you and all ladies, I must say that there is not and never was a woman who could wreck my life by refusing to marry me.

“God says for us to worship Him and not earthly idols, and while she might be very dear to me and the disappointment very hard to bear, yet I would trust in God to heal the wound in my heart and would still be a man. I would learn to bear my suffering silently, but let it wreck my life—never!”



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“But perhaps he did not mean that his life was wrecked in the manner you speak of. He might have meant that he could never be happy again or have any hope of such happiness as he expected,” said Donald’s mother.

“Which is almost the same as a wrecked life,” said Donald, “for a life without happiness, love and joy cannot be far from being a wreck.

“When men learn that happiness does not come from earthly things, but from God, then this idea of a life wrecked by earthly sorrows will vanish.”

Donald’s mother said no more on this point, for she realized that her son was undoubtedly correct in what he said, but she told him she wished to write to her brother at once and wanted him to write, too, so he went to his room at once and prepared to write.

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For the reader's benefit we will reproduce a part of Donald's letter to his uncle:

"I was very, very sorry to hear of your unhappiness, and I sympathize with you deeply; but with all respect for you as my uncle, I wish to impress upon you some facts which you seem to have entirely overlooked.

"Surely you have forgotten that your mother and sisters are ladies when you say you have lost all confidence in women, or did you mean to exclude them? Let me tell you plainly, Uncle Oliver, that woman is God's most precious gift to man, and to-day there are millions who are as noble and pure as the dewdrop on the rose, and you have no right, absolutely none, to blame all women for one woman's deception. It is un-noble, unchivalrous and ungentlemanly.

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“I can tell you how to forget and forgive.

“To-day there is a God who is watching over your destiny who is grieved because of the life you are leading. If you would only trust in His wonderful power to save, He would heal your ‘broken heart’ and give you power to see something good and noble in life yet. He is the only one to whom we can go for comfort in time of distress, and until you have felt the power of His almighty hand and of His love and care, you cannot know the joy, happiness and great beauty of the true life in Jesus Christ.

“It is so sweet just to trust in Him who said, ‘It is I, be not afraid,’ and to know that the favor of Almighty God is upon you and that you are one of the elect or chosen of God.

“You are a comparatively young man, capable of making something of yourself yet other than what you



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are; then let me plead with you to put your trust in the Father, to take a new hold on life, to start anew and live a different life to what you have been living.

“Look at the influence you could have for God and right, just as easy as you could have an influence for wrong, and how much better it would be! To live a life of sin is to acknowledge that death is the end of our life and that the grave is our eternal resting place.

“Can you believe it? Can you believe that God has provided no place for us beyond the blue of the sky, where we can live through the pale of eternity with Him? No, it cannot be. The grave is only the portal which separates this life from the eternal life with God.

“‘Death, like a dream, divides this earth  
From heaven’s shining dome;  
Beyond this life, in beauty lies  
The soul’s eternal home.’

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“It cannot be that God would create such a wonderful thing as man, inspire and guide him through this life, delude him with the hope and promise of another and more beautiful life, and then let the grave be the end of that hope and promise.

“Again, let me ask you to be a man in every sense that the word implies, and to stand steadfast the remaining years of your life for God and right, so that in the sunset of your existence you can go down life’s declining pathway with the assurance that the wonderful and beautiful promise of your God will soon be fulfilled unto you.”

This letter, written to arouse all that was good and noble in his uncle, came like a ray of sunshine to this desolate man and, as Donald had hoped, spurred him to a new determination and purpose.

In a few days a second letter came to Mrs. Morris, and in that letter were these words to Donald:

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“Your letter has changed the course of my life; you have given hope to a hopeless, and cheer to a cheerless man, and, like a burst of sunshine from behind a frowning cloud, my duty has been revealed to me. You have inspired me when inspiration was most needed; you have revealed to me the cause of greatness in your life, and putting my trust in the same God that you have, I will endeavor to find the hidden beauty of life, which you seem to have so completely found and enjoy.”

With tears of gladness in his eyes, Donald sought the solitude of his room and, kneeling, thanked God that through his effort Oliver Davis had been brought into a realization and enjoyment of the reward which God has promised unto His faithful, the righteous.



## CHAPTER XVI.

DONALD DECIDES TO WRITE A BOOK.

One day at play-time Donald stood idly tapping one of the school-room windows.

Indoors it was warm and cheerful; outdoors a regular Texas norther was blowing, cold and cheerless. The stiff wind swayed the bare tree-tops and the windows rattled and shook.

Gray, murky clouds hung low and threatening.

The sun had not shown all day except for a few moments at a time, when it would break through a rift in the clouds, and then it was always swallowed up again.

For some reason Maude Massey was not at school that day, and it was of her that Donald was thinking as he stood thumping the window and looking at the cheerless clouds drift slowly southward.

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He remembered that she had told him a few days before she had a new book she wished him to read, and so he determined to go by after school and get the book.

Accordingly, after school was dismissed, he hastened toward her home, and when he arrived there he was met at the door by Maude herself, who led him into the room where a cheerful fire was blazing in the open grate.

She explained her absence at school by saying her mother had been sick all day.

"Her head has been paining her dreadfully," she said, "and I could not leave her. She is resting better now and it is possible I may go to school to-morrow. I hate to lose a day and get behind my class, but I will do it before mother shall work when she is not able."

Donald commended her for her words, and then told her he wished

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to get the book she had promised to lend him. She left the room for a moment and then returned, bringing a pretty little volume with her.

"I think you will get some very beautiful and helpful thoughts from this," she said as she handed it to Donald.

"I hope that I may," he said as he took it in his hands, "for I do like to read books that will elevate my mind and give me beautiful thoughts to feed upon."

He then took his departure and, through the driving blast and gathering gloom, hurried homeward.

"Why were you so late this evening, Donald?" asked Mrs. Morris as he entered her room.

"I came by Mr. Massey's, mother. Maude wasn't at school to-day, so I came by to see why, and to get this book she promised to lend me.

"I found Mrs. Massey very sick and suffering considerable with her head."



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"I must go to see her, then, as soon as the weather will permit—to-morrow, if possible," said Mrs. Morris.

After supper Donald found him a cozy chair and, settling himself comfortably, he prepared to read the borrowed book.

It was a religious book, written by a noted Baptist minister, he saw, and he was sure he would find much food for thought from it.

As he read chapter after chapter, he found it absorbingly interesting, and, without noticing the time, he read on and on until drowsiness told him it was time to retire and, looking at his watch, he was surprised that it lacked only a few minutes of twelve o'clock.

Turning rapidly through the book, he saw he lacked only two chapters of being through, and decided to finish it before he retired.

In another twenty minutes the book was finished and, with a sigh of

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regret that it was finished, he laid it away and went to bed.

After he was in bed he gave himself up to thought, even if it was a late hour, and pondered over what he had read.

The book was the story of a boy born of Christian parents and converted to Christ at the age of eleven years. His father gave his life to his country in the great sectional conflict, the Civil War, and his mother died soon after, when he was nothing more than a baby.

Taken by one of his relatives to raise, the story of his noble father and gentle, Christian mother cast a hallowed influence over him and he early gave his life to God.

All through his career he was ever searching for the beautiful. When a boy his motto was, "I am searching for the beautiful redeemed life through Jesus Christ," and no obstacle, no discouragement nor disap-

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pointment could ever turn him from his search, and at last, after toil, hard study and self-sacrifice, God crowned his efforts by calling him to the ministry of His Son.

It was a most touching story of love and devotion to Christ, and Donald was surprised to note how nearly identical this boy's life was to his own in many respects. It seemed that the same light that guided this boy was guiding him, and that the same principle of love, duty and right that was so strongly apparent in this boy's life was also manifested in his own, and before he closed his eyes in slumber he left his bed and, kneeling, asked God to grant that his own life might be as had that of the orphan boy of whom he had read.

Was that prayer answered? Was it heard by the Ruler of his destiny?

If that question is in your mind, gentle reader, let me say that before you have finished the story of his life,



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I think you will agree with me that it was heard and answered and that God's promise was fulfilled in this boy, even as it was in the boy of whom he had read.

A few days after this, on Sunday, Donald was talking with Maude upon the merits of her book, and said: "It is the most beautiful and touching story of love and fidelity to Christ I have ever read, and I must say that it has inspired me to a grander and nobler life than I have been able to attain heretofore. Maude, reading that book has decided me to write one myself. I may not be able to produce one as good as the one I have just read, but I do believe that I can write one that will not be entirely devoid of interest or that will be an absolute failure."

His little friend's eyes sparkled and she clapped her hands together in delight.

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“Oh, Donald, it would be grand to think of you writing a book like this. But I have all the confidence in the world in your ability, and I believe you can do it.”

“At any rate, I am going to try it; my mind is fully made up, and I shall start it at once,” said Donald.

“It will be a religious book, will it not?” she asked.

“Yes, for I would write no other kind,” he answered.

When Mrs. Morris read the book she was impressed with it almost as much as Donald had been. One day she was surprised when he asked: “Mother, what would you think if I were to tell you that I was going to write a book similar to the one we have just read?”

She looked at him and said: “I hardly know, my son. Do you think you could write one that would be a success?”

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"Yes, mother, I feel confident that I can. I have planned it like this: It will be a history or story of my experience in life, both before and after I was converted, and also a prophecy of what my future life, as I believe and feel sure, will be.

"Of course, it will be disguised, and I feel sure I can make an interesting story of it without any one ever knowing that it is myself I am writing about."

"Very well, my son; if you can do it, go ahead and write it. I am sure you believe you can write a good book or you would never attempt such a thing."

"Indeed I believe I can, mother. I shall begin it right away, and I do not think you will be disappointed in it," he said.

This book, which he began soon, was destined to not only increase the admiration his friends had for him, but it was to do untold good in plac-



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ing before the public a book that teemed with good advice and influence upon the subject of Christianity and that was to carry to the masses a vivid picture of the wonderful beauty and happiness of the redeemed life through Christ Jesus.

If his book was a success it would bring him enough money, and perhaps more, to carry him through college.

His education had not been completed yet; it would take two years hard studying to finish his education as he wished it finished.

His parents were not wealthy by any means, and if he could make enough that way to only take him through college, it would be a big help.

We will not try to follow him all the way through the writing of it, but before the story of his life is finished we will show the result of his labor.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

Tell me, ye teachers of children, how do you feel when, on the last day of school, you stand before your boys and girls and realize that it is, perhaps, the last time you will ever instruct them in the school-room, or maybe it is the last time you will ever see them in this life?

Does there not come a feeling of sadness in your heart as you think that you must part with these children with whom you have been associated and have learned to love—perhaps with some of them forever?

You have done your best; you have tried patiently to teach them honor and purity, truth and righteousness, and as you look into their eager faces and see reflected there the love you have for them, you realize that they have grown very dear

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to you. Some of them have tried to follow your teachings; others have not, and as you see that some of them are, perhaps, not saved you blame yourself that you did not make a greater effort, did not try harder to reach their hearts with the happiness and sunshine of salvation.

Only the ages of eternity will reveal what you have stamped upon the hearts and minds of these children, and time alone will reveal the result of your labor.

As Donald Morris stood before his pupils and told them that perhaps it was the last time he could ever call them his school children, all the love he had for them and all the earnestness of his nature blended together and from his face there shone that indescribable something which touches the responsive chord in the other heart, the heart of the listener, and as he told them for the last time of the great beauty and sublimity of



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the Christian life and of the great reward they could expect to receive if they were faithful to the Master and their trust, and, last, of the great love and honor in his heart for them, there glistened in more than one eye a bright tear, and he read through their faces the contents of their hearts, and he knew that his teachings had not all been in vain.

For the last time he bade them stand and, with reverently bowed head, he asked that the blessings of Almighty God might for time and eternity be upon them.

After they were dismissed they crowded around him to grasp his hand and tell him good-bye.

It was a very earnest and solemn moment for Donald, this parting, and when one little blue-eyed girl said, as she caught his hand, "Teacher, I know I haven't been a good girl all the time, but I didn't do it for meanness, for I love you," he could not

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trust himself to speak, but just squeezed her hand a little harder and smiled into her trusting blue eyes.

“Foolishness and nonsense,” did you say?

I say, no. I honor and admire the teacher who commands the love and admiration of his pupils until they will show it in such a way, and the right kind of a teacher will never fail to have such a scene at the close of his school, which, if he does, will amply repay him for the long hours of worry and harassing cares that he is subject to as teacher.

No one who is not a teacher knows anything of the feelings in Donald's heart that evening as he walked homeward. He remembered the resolution he had made on the first morning of school and he persuaded himself that he had partly, if not wholly, carried out that resolution.

He had done his best and he would leave the rest to God and His mercy.

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In a few days there came from Oklahoma a letter to Donald wanting him to accept the principalship of a large school there at a good salary. He showed it to his parents, saying he did not know what to do in the matter.

All that day he studied about what would be best for him to do. He knew it meant money enough to go to college for a year if he accepted it, but, on the other hand, he knew that if he left, his father would have to get a hand in his place.

The chance of getting a hand was very slim, and if he could get one he could not take Donald's place, and it would put many inconveniences upon his mother as well as his father.

When night came he was as far from a decision as he had been in the morning, and told his parents so.

He knew they would make the sacrifice and let him go if he wanted to,



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but would it be right for them to sacrifice themselves further for his sake?

That night he prayed for divine guidance in the matter as he knelt at his bedside, and when he arose from prayer he knew that his duty was at home and to his parents, for the present at least.

He announced his decision the next morning at the breakfast table. Their objections did not change his mind, and they gave in, as he knew they would, for he knew they realized the burden it would lay upon them should he leave.

One evening as Mrs. Morris sat sewing Donald came into the room where she was. He pulled a chair up close to hers and sat down. She knew by the sober, earnest look on his face that he had something he wished to tell her, and knowing he would tell it when he got ready for her to know, she waited in silence for him to speak. At last he spoke:

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"Mother, I want to talk to you about something that is bothering me a great deal. It is about Maxine Elliott. You know I told you about how she has always treated me, and especially that day at school when I tried to be friends with her.

"She joined our Sunday School, comes regular, and always has good lessons, yet the divine truths in those lessons do not seem to reach her heart, do not make any impression upon her whatever, and she is just the same indifferent, unheeding girl that she was when she joined, and I see no way to get her to change."

"Have you talked with her any about it?"

"No, mother; she seems to have such an utter contempt or dislike—almost hatred—for me that I have not attempted to talk to her any."

"'Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake,'" his mother quoted. "I would not be discouraged because

she had given me such rebuff. You cannot expect to win souls to Christ without first having many fears and disappointments. Go to her and plead Christ's cause; show her where she is doing wrong and tell her what her duty is. Never stop until you have won her to God. She may be a diamond in the rough, and her soul is as precious in the Master's sight as yours or mine."

"I will do it, mother. I had almost given her up, but I will try again. To-morrow is the day of all days in which to talk with her. If I cannot touch her heart on Easter with the hallowed memories that cluster around it, I fear that her heart cannot be touched."

"May God bless your effort, my son," his mother said as he arose and left the room.

The next day was Sunday, Easter Sunday, and it dawned clear and bright.



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A crisp breeze was blowing from the north, and there was no sign of a cloud to mar the blue of the heavens.

Mocking birds swung from swaying boughs and the echo of their voices vibrated through the air in notes of gladness.

The air was heavily laden with the sweet perfume of many flowers; all the earth seemed alive with joy and gladness. And why? Was not this the day on which the blessed Master rose from the grave and conquered death? Was not the hallowed memory of it enough to make one joyful?

Donald started to church quite early that morning. He wished to be there before any one else; to be alone in God's house and think of the blessedness of Christ's resurrection and of what it all meant to him.

As he walked along in deep meditation, he recalled those sweet verses of Easter he had thought so pretty that he memorized them:

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"Oh, fair as the splendor of lilies,  
And sweet as the violet's breath,  
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,  
A triumph of life over death;  
For fresh from the earth's quickened  
bosom,

Fresh tributes of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin-soft petals  
To carpet a path for our King.

"We have groped through the twilight  
of sorrow,

Have tasted the Marah of tears;  
But, lo, in the gray of the dawning  
Breaks the hope of our long-silent  
years!

And the love and the lost we thought  
perished,

Who vanished afar in the night,  
Will return in the beauty of Eastertime  
To beam on our rapturous sight.

"Sweet Easter-tide pledges their coming,  
Serene beyond trouble and toil,  
As the lily upsprings in its freshness  
From the warm, throbbing heart of  
the soil;

And after all partings, reunion;  
And after all wanderings, home;  
O here is the balm for our heartache,  
As up to our Easter we come!

"In the countless green blades of the  
meadow,

The sheen of the daffodil's gold,



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In the tremulous blue on the mountains,  
The opaline mist on the wold;  
In the tinkle of brooks through the pas-  
ture,

The river's strong sweep to the sea,  
Are signs of the day that is hasting  
In gladness to you and to me.

"So dawn in thy splendor of lilies,  
Thy fluttering violet breath,  
O jubilant morning of Easter,  
Thou triumph of life over death!  
For fresh from the earth's quickened  
bosom

Fresh tributes of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin-soft petals  
To carpet a path for our King."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EASTER.

When Donald reached the church he found, as he expected, that he was the first one there.

He sat down in the preacher's chair in the pulpit and looked about him.

"Ah," he mused, "if these old walls could talk to-day, what a story they could tell! Stories of grand and eloquent sermons; stories of conversions, of love and pathos and fidelity to Christ. Speak, ye aged walls, and tell the secrets that are hidden in your bosom!"

But no, it could not be; the scenes they had witnessed were kept in mute silence, never to be divulged unless by human lips.

He wondered if the time would ever come in his life when he would

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stand in that pulpit and preach the gospel of Christ.

Dear reader, let me tell you a secret that no one but Donald knew—a secret that you have hitherto not known.

For several months there had been a feeling in Donald Morris' heart, insistent, deep-rooted, earnest, that the time was soon coming in his life when he would be called of God to the ministry of His Son.

This feeling was growing daily, becoming stronger and more deeply impressed upon him, and he was sure this was his life-work and was waiting for God to reveal unto him His will.

He had told no one of his convictions, not even his parents; he was waiting in silence and in faith for the call he was sure he would receive.

How long he sat thus in thought Donald did not know, but presently the congregation began to assemble

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and he left his seat to talk to some of his young friends.

When the time to open Sunday School arrived, Donald rose and said he wished to say a few words before beginning with the lesson. He stated that, as all knew, the lesson was on the resurrection of Christ and that he felt compelled to make a few remarks upon the lesson and some events preceding it.

“Dear friends,” said he, “can you look about you to-day in the glorious sunlight and see the great beauties of nature; can you see the manifold blessings of God; can you bring to mind this blessed Sabbath without associating it with a most hallowed event that occurred many hundred years ago?

“Over nineteen centuries ago, in the city of Jerusalem occurred the event that has given men the promise that through the resurrection of Christ we shall also rise again, and that our



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bodies of humiliation will be fashioned anew, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory according to the workings whereby he is able to subject all things unto himself. It is a grand and glorious story, grown old through time, yet it is as sweet to-day as it was centuries ago; it can never be anything else, and will continue to be proclaimed by man as the most hallowed and sacred promise until time shall vanish into eternity. Let us go back to the first, to-day, and review briefly the story from beginning to end, that we may better understand the wonderful lesson we have for to-day."

Beginning with the creation of the world, Donald drew a wonderfully vivid and eloquent picture of man's first estate, the Edenic home.

With burning words of eloquence and with his face aflame with his earnestness, he pictured this paradise, this veritable dreamland, glowing, as

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it must have been, with ineffable beauty.

Then a picture of man's condition after the paradise was lost through the sin of Adam and Eve.

Oh, the pathos of that sad loss! It has freighted the air of the ages with its tremulous sadness, and through the first sin man has lost what he can never regain in this life. It was paradise lost.

Then he told the sweet story of Christ's coming, of His wonderful works, of the glorious message that He brought, and, last, he told how, through Christ, the paradise might be regained and man have the same power and majesty that God intended him to have.

It was vivid, forceful and eloquent, and when he had finished for a few moments there was a silence of death, and more than one hand brushed a tear furtively from an eye.

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His teachers caught his spirit of enthusiasm and earnestness and every one went away feeling that they had been benefited, and those who were followers of Christ felt that they had been brought very near the Master.

As Donald passed out at the door Maxine Elliott was standing on the step. He asked if he might walk home with her, as he had something he wished to say to her, and together they walked away.

Before Donald had time to bring up the subject in his mind Maxine looked steadily at him with her dark eyes and, with a voice full of earnestness, said: "Donald, I know that after I have treated you as I have I have no right to ask your forgiveness or to believe that you could ever like me, for I can see how shamefully I have treated you.

"I am going to tell you all to-day, and in your goodness of heart I believe you will forgive me.



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"I am ashamed to say that I have tried my best not to like you and to believe that you were not what you pretended to be, but your honesty, integrity and spotless character and the record you established have convinced me that I was wrong, and now I stand convicted, and ask you to forgive me if you can find forgiveness in your heart for me.

"Your Christian life and the happiness you seem to enjoy has stirred within me a longing for a better and purer life, and of late I ask the Father nightly to change my life and mould it like yours."

Her voice held a note of pleading that Donald did not fail to note, and he said earnestly: "Maxine, if you have done anything that calls for my forgiveness, I forgive you gladly. I have prayed that I might lead you to a higher and better life, and if I have exerted any influence over you for good, I am sincerely glad. If I could

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not forgive you, how could I expect God to forgive me my trespasses against him?

"I cannot expect for everybody to like me, for Christ said His followers should be hated above all men, and that by patience we should win sinful souls to Him. Maxine, let me pray that you may become stronger in your conviction and that you may daily grow in grace and favor of God and at last receive the rest and peace for which your heart is longing."

She turned to him, her eyes aglow, and said: "Others may speak ill against you and mistreat you, but never again will I. I feel that I have had coals of fire heaped upon my head and that I can never do enough to make up for the way I have treated you."

"Do not think of that any more," he said. "Let us forget the past and look to the future. I am willing

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and anxious to forget everything that has happened and be friends."

They had reached her gate now and Donald lifted his hat to her and passed on, while Maxine stood watching him until he passed out of her sight. "May God forgive me for the way I have treated him," she said to herself. "I have judged him wrongly; the reproach I would have put upon him has been flung back upon me by his gentlemanly, Christian way. Oh, that I had such a spirit as his! After the way I have done, he was willing and anxious to forgive me and be friends." Then she turned and quickly vanished into the house, while Donald, unconscious of her thoughts, walked onward, rejoicing in the victory he had won for his Master and himself.

As soon as Donald entered his home his mother perceived that something had happened to please him, and she readily guessed what it



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was, but did not say anything to him about it until they had sat down to dinner, and then she said: "My son, you almost preached a sermon this morning; I was both surprised and delighted. I do believe you would make a good preacher," and she looked at him lovingly.

Donald glanced at her quickly and then said: "Mother, your words recall something I have been thinking of telling you and father for some time, but first I want to tell you of Maxine Elliott. You know, I walked home with her this morning, and I certainly was surprised when she began talking to me like she did.

"She said her opinion of me had changed; that she now believed I was a Christian and what I pretended to be. She begged my forgiveness and said she wanted to, and was going to live a different life from now on, and asked me to pray for her that she might become a true Christian."

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"So you see, my son, that if we will only persevere in our efforts we can reach the stony-hearted with the message of salvation and bring them to the Master at last."

"Yes, mother, and I am glad I made that talk this morning. I believe it touched her heart more than any other thing I have done, and I sincerely hope and pray that she may begin a new life and live for Jesus."

"What was it you have been wanting to tell us, Donald, for some time?" his father inquired.

"It is about my future life," he replied. "For some time I have felt that the time was not far when God would call me to the ministry of His Son. The feeling is growing daily; the conviction is stronger each day, and just as sure as I am here to-day I firmly believe that before I am many years older I will be preaching the gospel of Christ. I know I can

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feel that there is soon to be a change in my life, and daily I am expecting the call."

"It is a grand and noble calling, my boy, and I should be happy to see you fill such an exalted place," his father said, while Mrs. Morris put her arms around his neck and said: "May God grant that it may be so. Oh, how happy I would be to know that you had been called of God to fulfill His mission by the ministry!

"I have always felt that you were to rise to something that was noble and grand, and I pray that this may be your life-work."

Said Donald: "I think that if God would only call me to the ministry, and then give me the power and intellectual ability of some ministers I have heard, I would be perfectly happy.

"It is not because I want to be a minister that I say this, but it is be-



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cause something tells me this is to be my future, and I am only waiting and trusting in the mercy and wisdom of an Almighty God to reveal Himself unto me."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### OFF FOR COLLEGE.

When Donald had his book nearly completed he wrote to a large New York publishing company, stating that he was writing a religious book and wished to present it for their inspection and consideration. In a few days he received this reply:

“We will be most happy to have you submit the manuscript for our inspection, and we assure you we will give it our most earnest consideration.”

As soon as it was completed Donald mailed his manuscript and eagerly waited for a reply from the company.

In about a week he came into the house one day with a letter in his hand, which he handed his mother and said: “It is all right. Mother, my book is a success. Read that.”

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She took the letter and read:

"Manuscript accepted. Terms enclosed you. We can begin publication any time after thirty days."

His mother looked up with a glad smile.

"I am so glad they have accepted it, Donald. You have worked so hard at it and it has taken so long for you to complete it."

"Yes, mother, and now it will give me the necessary means to go to college and take the course I have been wanting to take so long."

\* \* \* \* \*

Summer, in all its loveliness, has passed away and autumn has taken its place.

The time has almost arrived when Donald is to leave for college, and preparations are being made for the start.

The superintendency of his Sunday School has been turned over to



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one of his older friends and he is free from all obligation.

One week before he was to leave he announced at Sunday School that on the following Sunday night he would deliver a lecture at the church, his subject being, "Saying Good-bye to God."

The evening before he was to leave next morning Donald spent with Maude Massey.

Donald Morris had become the idol of Maude Massey's heart. No one knew anything about it, except it was her mother.

Mrs. Massey, with a mother's keen intuition, thought she had learned the secret of her daughter's heart and she was proud that her young love was given to one so worthy.

In Maude Massey's heart there was a feeling that, in some way, God had linked their lives together and

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that some day He would reveal it to Donald.

In this faith and implicit trust in God she said in her heart that she would be content.

She did not know that in Donald Morris' heart there was the same feeling, and that he, likewise, was waiting until it should be God's will that he speak and reveal to her his love.

That evening he spent with her he made known to her the fact that he was impressed to dedicate his life to the ministry.

She told him she was glad, that she had always believed he had a higher mission than that of a teacher, and that she was sure that, with his bright future, he would cheer and brighten many more lives with his beautiful life, as he had already done. They covenanted together to pray for each other during their sep-

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aration and seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all their ways.

That night he accompanied her to the church where he was to lecture. The news of the lecture had been well spread over the community and the house was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The news of the lecture, together with the fact that this would be the last time they would see Donald in two years, had an irresistible influence over his friends and nearly every one was there to hear him.

This quiet, gentle and unassuming boy, with his Christian influence, had something about him that readily drew others to him, and he was held in the highest esteem by all.

As he stood before his audience, in the glare of the light, in faultless attire, with his jet black hair curling back from his white temples, his head erect, his eyes flashing, Maude Massey, as well as many others, saw



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in him their ideal of a true and perfect man.

His eyes penetrated the souls of all upon whom they fell. He stretched out his arms to his listeners and they stretched out their arms to him. The magnetic chain of love and sympathy was complete. His rhetoric was the best; he was eloquent. His lips were touched with fire, and his words thrilled and swayed his listeners as the wind sways the heavy heads in a field of ripe barley. The hearts of his listeners were an instrument, on which he played the noblest, most inspiring, the sweetest of melodies. He kindled them as a flame kindles dry grass. He showed their future with a prophet's eye and touched them with the glad diviner's rapture. For an hour he held them spellbound, and when the closing sentence had left his lips the crowd made a rush to him to shake his hand.

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"It was glorious, it was grand!" Maude said to Donald as they drove home. "What you have said to-night has placed an impression upon my heart that time can never erase."

When they reached her home and the time came to say good-bye it sent a pang to each heart.

Taking her hand in his, with a face that seemed strangely pale and white in the light of the pale moon, Donald said: "Maude, in the two long years that I shall be away I hope you will not forget me. I shall write to you and will expect to hear from you often. Pray that I may come back safe and sound in two years, with my desire fulfilled; that I may become a better boy while I am away, and that when I come back I may be a true and perfect man."

"I shall not forget you, Donald," she said softly, "and I want you to pray for me while you are away. Every night in prayer I will meet you

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and will pray to the God of your destiny to keep you safely while you are away."

He squeezed her hand and with a low good-bye turned on his heel, vaulted into his buggy and vanished into the shadows of the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Donald had been at college a week.

The novelty and newness of the place was wearing away and he had easily fallen into the daily routine of college life.

He secured a boarding place with a widowed lady, who was quiet and a devoted Christian, and this was a delight to him.

Her husband having been a lawyer, he found a large, private library containing books on many subjects, and to it he had free access.

The president and teachers of the college were impressed from the first by his quiet, dignified manner, although they could not tell at first



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what it was that had drawn them so close to what seemed to them to be the very heart life of Donald.

The president had had a long talk with Donald a few days after he arrived, and to the faculty he said: "We have a wonderful student in our number to begin with. He is quiet, gentle and unassuming. He makes no pretensions as to what he knows, yet he has one of the most comprehensive minds I have ever found in a young man of his age."

The college was distinctly religious, the religious influence being felt, rather than proclaimed.

Donald always attended chapel service, for he felt it was as necessary for him during the day as was his breakfast to sustain his body.

He took special interest in all religious meetings as the opportunity presented, and the Christian people soon became interested in him. He kept his studies well up, and by the

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close of the first year he far surpassed those of his classes.

But he did not confine himself to class studies. Night after night, when all others were sleeping, the light was still brightly shining in his room. He was searching for truth and knowledge, and he explored every field to find it. His views were firmly fixed on the teachings of the Bible. He did not think it possible for him to be mistaken in that particular, yet he was open to conviction.

Deeper and deeper, he dug into its mystery, and at last, toward the close of the second year, when he received God's call to go forth to the ministry of His Son, he felt that his views were correct and that he had solved the mysteries of the Bible that had, for so long a time, baffled him.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOME AGAIN.

It was the last evening Donald would be at college. Two years have passed quickly away; he was graduated and to-morrow he will start for home.

This evening of which we write he was sitting at the window of his room looking at the gorgeous southern sunset.

As he watched the beautiful scene spread out before him, the thought of what he had accomplished since coming here came into his mind.

His education was completed; God had undoubtedly called him to His service, and now he was ready to enter into his life-work.

He was contented and happy at last and his heart was filled with joy as he looked about him. The deep blue of the sky was relieved by drift-



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ing masses of fleecy, white clouds, the grass and trees sparkled below with myriads of crystal drops lately fallen from their snowy grasp, while the sun, whose glowing light made a flashing jewel of each drop, shone as fair as the first faces in the garden of Eden. The whole western sky was tinted with every hue, from rich crimson and purple to rosy pink or soft yellow.

The clouds, high overhead, rapidly changed to pale yellow, then grew deeper and deeper until they looked like molten gold against the blue sky beyond. Donald loved rich colors and drank this in eagerly. Surely nothing, not even the garden of Eden, could have been more perfect! As he gazed he noticed a dark cloud floating around from the north, which, in his imagination, presented a striking resemblance to an immense serpent, coiled round and round in dark, angry folds, ready to

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crush all joy that came into its reach.

It drifted slowly to the west, blotting all the glorious color from the sky. The clouds blanched to a snowy whiteness, the sky seemed less blue, and the glittering jewels on blade and leaf turned to tears, which nature might have shed over the fall of her human children.

He waited impatiently for the passing of the serpent. It drifted slowly southward, but the perfection of the sunset was lost with it. The sun hid its red face behind the trees, the gorgeous coloring faded, and the sky grew gray in the cool, pleasant twilight.

Soon the stars came out here and there in the darkened sky, giving light as best they could, like the prophets of old.

By and by a soft light diffused the darkness, growing brighter and brighter, until the silvery moon

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showed its serene face over neighboring roof, and completed the fancy, typifying the coming of the Son of God.

As the soft moonbeams fell upon the city he turned his gaze from the sky to the earth.

The golden moonlight mellowed every object, and not even the gorgeous pictures of Persian poets surpassed the beautiful scene he looked upon. The white, graveled walks were bordered with low, closely-clipped cassia hedges; clusters of white and rose oleanders, scarlet geraniums, roses of countless hues, and patches of brilliant annuals, all looked up smilingly at him.

Just beneath the window the clasping tendrils of a clematis were wound about the pedestal of a marble Flora, and clusters of the purple blossoms peeped through the fingers of the goddess. Farther off, a fountain flashed silver in the moonlight,



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murmuring musically in and out of the reservoir, while the diamond spray bathed the sculptured limbs of a Venus.

As he sat there, inhaling the sweet aroma of the flowers, looking upon the grandeur of God in nature, his mind filled with visions of the past and trying to rend the veil and look beyond the Stygian river into the future, he said to himself: "I know now that a God who created a world so beautiful as this and gave it to His creatures surely designed their happiness, not only in this world, but in that vast, boundless eternity which He inhabits.

"I feel to-night, as I sit here and look out upon this beautiful scene, that God is speaking to me as never before of human existence and its frailty and short durability.

"I feel that nature in all her glory whispers that we are allied to divine beauty. But because of the first sin,

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which marred the first home and made its inmates suffer, God in His goodness must carry us through the furnace of suffering to prepare us for the beautiful, redeemed life, when dissolution shall carry us from here, and we are freed from all pain."

Far into the night he sat thus, with the golden moonlight resting upon him, and when at last, tired and mind-weary, he threw himself in bed, and with the blessed promise of the Master, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," ringing in his ears, he fell into a peaceful sleep.

In the two years that Donald had been away from home many changes had taken place. The old church that Donald knew had been removed and a handsome new structure had been erected; several of his friends had moved away, others were married and settled down for life, but

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for all these changes, and many others, the memory of Donald Morris, with all his influence, had never been erased from their minds.

And now, when the news spread over the neighborhood that he had returned from college a Methodist preacher, there was great rejoicing.

A week after his return home he was licensed to preach the gospel of the Son of God and he had entered into the ministry; his prophecy of his future was thus fulfilled, and now his life-work was before him.

The first Sunday after his return he attended church and his pastor asked him to preach for him at the evening hour. He reluctantly consented, and the pastor announced that at the evening service young Brother Morris would fill the pulpit, and there was joy in the congregation.

Here was a young man who had drawn them to him by his simplicity,



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by his candor, his consecration, and that indescribable something that was always about him which no one seemed to understand, but that moved and touched people as soon as they began talking to him.

Now they felt an interest in him; they had prayed God first to lead him into the light, then into the church, and, last, into the ministry, and now it seemed that their prayers were to be realized before their eyes, and it created an interest in their souls that made the time seem long before they could sit before him and listen to his voice telling the story of Jesus and His love.

The hour approached and the church was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and indeed many could not get inside at all.

When Donald walked down the aisle with Maude Massey, it was a very happy moment for her. This was the hour she had long prayed

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and hoped for, and now that she was to sit and listen to the one preach whom she loved, her heart was too full for utterance.

As he stands in the pulpit hundreds of eyes are upon him, and the stillness that comes from anxious hearts in waiting pervades the audience. What did they see? Nothing but the same unassuming boy they had seen so often before—handsome, tall and pale, trembling because he knew the great responsibility of life was upon him.

He looked over the congregation, his dark eyes burning brightly, and announced his text:

“God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.”—I John 4:16.

“Do not,” said he “expect me to preach you a sermon entirely from the text. An humbler and more blessed task is mine. If I may, I will let the Lord Jesus Himself speak to you

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through me in these words. May God grant that every soul here may become a Patmos, and this hour one in which the Living One shall reveal Himself with quickening and saving power. If all men were kings, love would be the king over all. If all women were queens, love would be the queen over all. Before love's throne wealth comes and offers its treasures of jewels and gold. Because of love, the cold prison walls are chiseled down by art and dumb beauty comes forth into the sunlight of day. The knee of labor is bent and the drops of blood upon the battlefield are counted in order to place the flower upon the brow of love. Love is the one despot in this world whose tyranny all nations have allowed in sweetest satisfaction. Love peoples continents after thought discovers them; thought builds homes, but it takes love to fill them with happiness and sunshine.



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“The rich man with his millions is not happy because he is destitute of love, while the stalwart, sun-burned farmer who comes home at night and feels his children’s arms around his neck and their kisses upon his cheek is happy because in his heart there is that love that conquereth all things. Love is the remedy for all doubts, the foe of all darkness, and the enemy of sin. When love takes possession of the heart, there is peace and joy and strength in that heart and life. This tells us the secret of God’s love. I cannot describe it; no man so far as I know ever did; but we know that ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ I know there is no real happiness in this world to those who have not come under the ban of His love and who do not trust Him for salvation; that there is no salvation

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without love, and there is no love outside of God, so there is no Christianity for those who do not love Him."

Thus he went on, telling the sweet story of God's love. Yes, they had heard it before, but did wish that night that he would tell it over and over; their souls were feasting upon it; the fountains seemed to be opened afresh and they were drinking the water of life. The old, old story had inspired them with new faith, and on its wings they were rising to the delectable mountains of holiness and bathing themselves in an atmosphere hitherto unknown to them.

That night many of them learned the secret of this young man's life; that indefinable something which they could never explain. He always had a power about him which time and again astonished those with whom he came in contact.

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Standing before them, preaching his first sermon, they learned the greatness of the boy was the love of God that filled his soul. His pastor said to him after service: "Of all things that abidest in thy heart the greatest is love."

Donald Morris returned home with Maude Massey, and she told him she never expected to be happier in this world than she was that night.

"My being a Methodist does not, then, prevent you from enjoying a sermon from an old friend?" he inquired. She looked at him and written on her face he learned the secret that she had concealed from him during the years gone by, and although he had not intended telling her of his love that evening, yet he could not longer keep his secret.

His whole soul seemed illumined by the light that her look gave him, and he said: "Many of our days have been sweetly spent together in



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search of the beautiful redeemed life; the time we have been separated has been made sweeter by the memories that cluster around the past and the hope of the future, when we would meet again, and it beckoned us on to higher and nobler things in life. I must tell you, Maude, that during these years of toil and struggle for an education, to prepare me for the duties of life, you have been the earthly idol of my heart. I have left it all with God; I have asked Him to prepare you to share with me the sorrows and whatever earthly joys might fall to me as a minister. I offer you my love, my life, my all, dedicated to the service of God. Will you give me yours and be my wife?"

She put her hand in his and said: "Donald, my love you have had for years and no other has occupied a moment of time in my heart. When I received your letter saying you had entered the ministry, I knelt and

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asked God to make me worthy to be your helper in life, for I have always felt that He linked our lives together. It must be right or He would not put it there. I am yours to share with you all that God calls us to do; your joys and your sorrows. I thank God for such an humble and blessed lot in life!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Soon Donald received a call from an Eastern state, but declined, saying that his first duty was to the people with whom he lived and had been associated so long.

The people have awakened to a sense of their spiritual needs; this boy's sermon has stirred the depth of their souls, and they are insistent in their demands that he hold a meeting at the church where he was converted and gave his life to God.

Five years have passed away since that memorable night when Donald gave up the life of sin and began his work for Christ.

He complied with the wishes of the people, and one of the biggest revivals in the history of the church is in progress. Now in that same church he is conducting a meeting,



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and the whole country is under the power of his simple gospel preaching.

The hearts of the people are stirred to their depths, and men hoary with age, who have lived in sin all their lives, are at the throne of mercy seeking the salvation of their souls. Boys who went to school with him, his pupils of former days, old men and many others are there to hear the story of the cross from the lips of the boy they had learned to love so well.

The house will not hold the people, and the whole country has united in preparing an arbor in the grove that they may hear him.

Day after day he stands there with his beloved Bible in his hand, pointing out the way of the beautiful redeemed life through Jesus Christ.

Scores give up the old life of sin with its master and seek the new life through a risen Savior. It is a

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great time for Donald. It is the  
the old-time Pentecost,

“When heaven comes down their souls  
to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy seat.”

As yet no one knows anything about the engagement between Donald and Maude Massey, and one day while the meeting was in progress he told her that he would speak to her parents about it right away, and she told him that whenever he wanted her she was ready to enter his life-work and that she was only waiting for his call.

Her parents did not know positively of the relation between them, but for more than two years her indifference to others who sought her hand led them to believe that her heart had been given to Donald.

The next evening he called on her parents and to them he revealed his wish. Said he: “For several years I have loved your daughter and she

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has returned my love and has agreed to share with me my life-work. I know I am not worthy of her, but if you will give me your daughter as a companion and helper in my work, I shall do my best to make her happy."

Mr. Massey said to him: "It is a very hard thing for a father and mother to give up a daughter, but since we know we cannot keep her with us always, and that some time she will marry, there is not a man on earth whom we had rather trust her with than you, Donald. Since it must be of God, you have our consent, and may the blessings of an Almighty Father rest upon you and our child in your life-work."

They asked him how early he wished to be married and he replied that, if it suited them, he would like an early marriage; so Maude was called in, and it was decided that they should get married in two months.



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As soon as the meeting at that place closed, an urgent call came from a town ten miles distant for Donald to come and hold a meeting there.

The Baptist people offered him the use of their house and begged him to come.

The pastor said: "It seems to be the leading of the divine Spirit among the people, and if so, it is right to heed the call. So we tender you our house of worship to conduct a meeting so long as you deem it good for the cause of the Master."

Donald thanked him kindly and said he would accept the invitation on one condition, that he must be allowed to preach just as he would in a Methodist church. Said he: "I do not intend to wage war against the Baptist, Presbyterian or any other denomination. I would rather we were united in one church; I have nothing whatever against your

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church, but in some things we honestly differ, and I want it understood that I am preaching what I believe the Bible teaches, and I shall leave the result with God."

The pastor replied: "I know you are too honest to do anything else, so you are at liberty to preach anything you want to, for I feel sure the Spirit of our Master will be your guide."

The meeting soon began, and from the first the interest of the people was very great.

All the Christian people took part in the meeting, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, for sometime before Donald would arrive the people would be singing and shouting God's praise.

The Baptist pastor never missed a service; not that he could endorse everything Donald preached in regard to obedience to the commands of Christ, but he was rejoicing in the fact that a wonderful spiritual uplift

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had come to him and his people through the wonderful power of this young minister.

One day after the close of the meeting, and when Donald was at the home of Maude Massey, Maude came and sat down by him and said: "Donald, do you think God will bless our union? Sometimes that question enters my mind when I remember that we do not belong to the same church, and it seems you are so much better than I."

He took her hand in his and replied: "I feel sure our union will be with the sanction of God. Because we belong to different churches is no reason why we should not be happy or serve God diligently."

"But would you not rather I belonged to your church?" she asked.

"Yes, Maude; of course, it would be more pleasant for us in our church work if we belonged to the same church, but I would not persuade you



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to join my church just to please me, but if you could unite with our church, honestly believing it was the right one, I would be glad. I can only tell you what we believe the Bible teaches, and why we believe it, and leave you to decide for yourself."

"Donald, I honor you for what you have said, and I feel sure if God wishes me to unite with your church He will manifest His will unto me."

For the reader's benefit we will state that about a year after their marriage she united with his church, and then their happiness was complete.

Their marriage was a very quiet one, although many of their friends were present and wished them many years of happy and useful life.

It was a marriage of the heavenly kind, a marriage after the divine order.

It seemed that if ever the words, "Therefore shall a man leave his

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father and mother and cleave unto his own wife, and they shall twain be one flesh;" and, "Therefore, what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," were true, it was so in the case of Donald Morris and Maude Massey.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, dear reader, we must leave them.

We have followed Donald Morris from his childhood to the fulfillment of his prophecy of his life; we have seen him grow up in the grace and favor of God; we have noted the gentle, refining, Christian influence he cast upon all with whom he came in contact, and have seen his life united with that of a gentle, Christian girl and both lives dedicated in the service of God.

If you like the character of Donald Morris, if you would enjoy the peace and happiness that characterizes his life, let me ask you, in all

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earnestness, to follow in the footsteps of the blessed Man of Galilee as he did, and you will learn the beautiful secret of his life.

May I humbly ask my reader to study closely the next chapter. It is a sermon on "Paradise Lost and Regained."



## CHAPTER XXII.

### PARADISE LOST AND REGAINED.

Before our beautiful world was brought into existence by the command of God, there was neither sun, moon, stars, nor living things; yet there was a heavenly host, and the King of Kings sat on His great white throne and received the praises of those radiant beings, the cherubim and seraphim, who, after the creation, became messengers between God and man and guardians at the gates of paradise.

The Bible does not tell us much about the angels that were born in the Celestial City, nor of God, before the world was fashioned by His mighty hand, but is briefly a record of the works of the Almighty and His relation to mankind as the Father of all.

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The beginning of God's labor was the creation of the earth, of the heaven, which was the air, or atmosphere, round about the earth, for heaven itself already existed. We still call the blue vault overhead, studded with the bright constellation of stars, the heaven, and it was this heaven, in contradistinction from that which is the abode of God, that is referred to by Moses.

The earth was without form and covered in darkness, until by divine command the sun, moon and stars burst into being and cast their first light upon the new world. The darkness was separated from the light, so at appointed times the earth should be bathed with the sun's golden rays, and again be covered with darkness.

The waters were divided and the dry land appeared, and in the latter was planted the seed of every grass, tree and herb, which was made to

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spring up and yield their fruit to bless the earth, and the creatures which were to be speedily brought into being.

The waters teemed with fishes of every species, and fowls were made to fly in the air; then followed the creation of all manner of cattle and beast, so that on the last day of God's labor the earth teemed with life, both great and small.

Let us here draw a vivid picture of this beautiful Paradise God created and gave to man.

I think this paradisaical home must have been the dream of God, glowing with ineffable beauty. I think it was rimmed with blue mountains, from whose moss-covered cliffs leaped a thousand streams that spread out in mid-air like silvery bridal veils, kissing a thousand rainbows from the sun.

It was a gorgeous archipelago of many colors, flecked with green isles,



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where the purple grapes hung in rich clusters on staggering vines, where peach and plum and blood-red cherries and every kind of berry bent bough and bush, and shone like drops of ruby and pearl.

It was a wilderness of flowers, redolent of eternal spring and pulsing with bird song; where spotted fawns played in the meadow of violets; where leopards, peaceful and tame, lounged in the copse of the magnolias; where harmless tigers lay on snowy beds of lilies, and lions panted in the jungles of roses.

The billowy landscape was festooned with laughing creepers, bright with perennial bloom and curtained with sweet-scented groves.

The air was softened with the dreamy haze of perpetual summer, and through its midst flowed four translucent rivers, alternately flashing in the sunlight and darkening in the shadows, and there, in some

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sweet bower, was Adam, fresh from the hand of his Creator—Adam, the first of the human race; God-like in form and in the attribute of mind and soul.

All Eden was imbued with the sweet spirit of love, for God ruled there, and God is love.

As we strain our gaze back into the shadow of the world's earliest history, there we behold one dim figure, and through the shadows and mist that enwrap his form, we catch a gleam of his crown.

Adam, the first man, stands in Eden a king; but, alas! he transgressed God's holy law, and as a punishment he lost the majesty of manhood; he had his kingdom wrested from him in the very beginning of his reign and was driven from his beautiful palace in disgrace.

The pathos of that loss has freighted the air all down through the ages with its tremulous sadness.

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Thus the home, the dreamland, the Paradise which God voluntarily gave man was, by man's vileness and sin, taken from him, and by Adam's sin, then, all men are lost and have no power to reinstate themselves in God's favor.

It was Paradise Lost; gone, with all its beauty and grandeur; gone as a prophecy that all men are utterly lost. Was it irretrievably gone, never to be regained? Was there no way by which man could bring himself again into favor with God and regain the majesty he had lost? Let us see.

For six thousand years the earth was without a king; men wandered over the face of the earth, transgressing's God's law and adding fresh sorrow to the sorrow caused by Adam's sin.

But there was to be another King. The promise of the still merciful God made sure the fact, and that promise



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spread angel wings over the fall of man, and shed upon it the light of an angel's face.

Human eyes were directed to the future.

The story that God would send a King to redeem men grew with passing centuries; the longing for His appearance grew more and more intense, yet He tarried.

There was no sign from the heaven; no sound of chariot wheels disturbed the serenity of sky. Many nations rose and were buried in oblivion; varied changes occurred among the people of the earth.

Four millenniums came and went, yet the King refused to emerge from His hiding place and show Himself to the worn and weary world.

At last the long, long silence was broken by a burst of angelic music from the cloud galleries over the little village of Bethlehem of Judea;

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and the stars of the Syrian heavens, flashing from their heights, beheld a new orb rolling in beauty among them.

Christ was born! The King had come! A man child He was, with a human mother, but conceived by the powers of divinity. In the veins of His body the royal blood of earth coursed; His soul was charged with the royalty of God. He was the King, "the chiefest among ten thousand."

For thirty-three years He lived on this earth, fulfilling the Father's promise and setting forth a way for the salvation of man.

During this time His character was unsullied. It was subjected to every test.

From Bethlehem to Calvary, from His birth to His dying hour, His life dared men to find a flaw in it. He was like a lily growing to the light out of the ooze and slime of the

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swamp; His life was like a sunbeam falling upon the filth of the street.

Amid all the corruption that surrounded, He passed through a period of thirty-three years existence without a stain.

His life was the perfect flower of humanity, and the fragrance of its bloom has filled the centuries with its aroma.

This man was the King of men and His royalty has been acknowledged by millions of lips.

Christ, the Son of God, who was above the law, was made flesh under the law, so that being both human and divine, He could meet the demands of the law on one hand, satisfy its claims, take man's place on the other hand, suffer all its penalty as man's substitute and make it possible for God to be just in justifying the sinner. He came into this world, took man's place as a sinner under the law, suffered and died after He



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met all its claims, and shed His blood to make an atonement for the sins of His people.

He was buried; His body was in the grave three days; He arose from the grave on the third day, securing through Himself the resurrection of our bodies, as well as securing the redemption of the soul through His atoning blood.

What does it all mean? Why that cross and the shameful suffering? God was under no obligation to allow Himself to be suspended there. He could have prevented, had He so desired, that death of shame.

Why, then, did He suffer and die? There is but one answer. No other way in which to save man; no other way by which Paradise might be regained; it was ordained in the hands of a Mediator.

Go spell out the story for yourself. From the disrobing of heaven to the long, humiliating step in human

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flesh; from the lowly birth to the last throbbing pain beneath the crown of thorns and the last anguish under the spike-heads that pinioned Him to the cross, and the last cry that broke His heart under the burden of the world's sin—it was love! love! love!

Can you look upon that cross, think of the sufferings He bore that you might regain Paradise, and turn away without accepting Christ as your Savior?

If you can, your heart must be a heart of stone and waiting for the thunder blows of judgment to sound upon it and smite it with remorse.

My countrymen, it cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our lives are bubbles, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float another moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspi-

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rations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and are forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

Finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to view, then taken from us, leaving the streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than the earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful things that pass here before us like



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visions will stay in our presence forever!

O, Eternity! one glorious morning, with the sun ever climbing higher and higher; one blessed spring-time, and yet richer summer—and Paradise regained!

THE END.









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